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Memoir of Anna Jane Linnard

MEMOIR

OF

ANNA JANE LINNARD,

BY

REV. ROBERT BAIRD.

WITH

AN INTRODUCTION

BY THE

HON. THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN,

AND

A LETTER FROM THE

REV. WILLIAM NEILL, D.D.

And being dead, yet speaketh.—*Heb.* xi. 4.

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TO THE

REV. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, D.D.

Professor of Theology in the Theological Seminary at Princeton.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,

This memorial of the excellence of religion, as illustrated by the eminent usefulness in life, and peace in death, of one who was, for several years, a lamb of the flock over which Christ appointed you, for a time, an overseer, is most respectfully inscribed to you, as an humble testimonial of the sincere regard and affection of

THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

The following memoir contains an instructive exhibition of the power and loveliness of religion. It is a seasonable offering to the Christian public. There is so much of magnificence in the plans of modern benevolence—so much to quicken the spirits, and gratify the curiosity and sympathy of the mind, that Christians are in danger of neglecting the cultivation of personal piety. An ardent co-operation in all the noble schemes of philanthropy, and even a munificent spirit of liberality towards them, may be mistaken for the living principle of holy love, in the heart. This little volume, rich in the memorials of practical godliness, is happily calculated to admonish us of our danger, and lead us to the only certain marks of true and decided piety.

In the brief career of this excellent young lady, we are presented with the history of twelve years, consecrated to the service of her Redeemer. In the sanctuary, the Sabbath school, and the closet—in the abodes of wretchedness, and at the bed of

sickness and poverty—at the associations of benevolence, and in all the sacred duties of domestic and filial love, her light shone with uncommon lustre. The reader will be struck, with what her biographer aptly styles the *completeness* of her Christian character. Her piety runs in harmony with the broad spirit of the gospel. It met every claim. Each duty seemed to hold its proper place, and receive its due proportion of her attention. From this bright example, the humblest private Christian may learn how to become extensively useful. *She resolved to live for God.* This great purpose filled her desires, and excited her prayers. She consecrated to his glory all her time and talents. This was not a formal dedication. Her heart was in the sacrifice—and here lies the secret of that holy order and symmetry that adorned her piety. It is the *divided heart* that puts our duties out of place. The world usurps so large a share of the affections, that if the rights of God are regarded at all, it must be with a very partial and imperfect consideration. But when the soul deliberately comes up to the resolution of entire and full consecration to God—when this blessed purpose takes in life, with all its relations and concerns—when holiness to the Lord is inscribed on every duty, scheme, and enterprize, then, indeed, there will be fruitfulness in every good work: and then, too, the soul enjoys perfect freedom in God's ser-

vice, and becomes "as a tree planted by the waters, that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit."

This interesting record of her life furnishes many valuable illustrations of Christian principles and duty. She faithfully and laboriously studied the word of God. She constantly repaired to this fountain of light and purity, and partook freely of its refreshing waters. She fasted, and prayed for the communications of the Spirit, and in the discharge of the duties of the closet, according to her emphatic language, "*She began with her own heart first.*" "There, unfatigued, her fervent spirit laboured." She watched its exercises with a holy jealousy—brought its feelings and desires to a rigid scrutiny, and mourned over its native sinfulness.

It is to be feared, that these most important duties of meditation, fasting, and prayer, and searching the Scriptures, are sadly neglected. Many professors of religion never fast, unless on some public occasion; and how many seldom visit the closet, that antechamber of heaven, where the Christian often finds his richest repast and his best armour? And there exists a lamentable defection in the church, as to the duties of meditation and the study of the Bible. It has become the fault of

the age. There is, as was well said, a kind of religious dissipation, that is never satisfied with hearing, and can hardly be persuaded to pause, and apply itself to the sterner duties of reflection and self-examination. The standard of piety would become far more elevated and stable, did Christians more frequently retire and hold converse with themselves—did they meditate on the truth and ways of God, carefully examine their own hearts, and bring the motives that sway them, and the whole conduct of life, into faithful review. This, surely, ought so to be.

In the singular devotedness, zeal, and usefulness of Anna Jane Linnard, in the assured hope and prevailing peace of her life, and the calm triumph of her death, the followers of Christ are urged to the attainment of larger measures of grace. Although dead, she speaks to them in affecting exhortation: "Pray always:" "Search the Scriptures." "Delight in the Law of the Lord, and meditate therein, day and night."

Theodore Frelinghuysen.

A LETTER

FROM THE

REV. DR. NEILL

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MEMOIR.

Anna J. Linnard, of whom you are preparing a memoir, was a lady of many estimable qualities, which have left behind her a record in the hearts of her numerous friends, not soon to be obliterated. Having had some opportunity of knowing her, first, as a member of a Bible class, and subsequently, as communicant and a Sabbath school teacher in the sixth Presbyterian church, Philadelphia, of which I had the happiness to be the pastor for eight years, it affords me pleasure to bear my testimony, in compliance with your request, to her personal worth and exemplary deportment. May her kindred and acquaintance be excited, by the recollection of her Christian virtues, to be followers of their deceased friend, as she was of Christ, in her works of faith, and labours of love!

Miss Linnard's mind was, in several respects, much above mediocrity; it was capable of grasping a great subject with vigour, and of discriminating

between truth and falsehood, in matters of doubtful disputation. She was, accordingly, an intelligent Christian. She formed her judgment deliberately, and was not easily shaken from her purpose. She examined dispassionately, and, in due time, acknowledged, unhesitatingly, the validity of the Redeemer's claims to her heart and life. She had warm and strong feelings on the subject of religion; but, in approaching the communion table, and in engaging in the Christian warfare, she seemed to me to count the cost and follow her convictions of duty, without regard to the fear or the favour of man. Hence, as all who knew her will testify, she adorned the doctrine of God, her Saviour, in all things. Religion was not a by-business, or a matter of mere decency and convenience with her. It enlisted her affections, and pervaded and actuated her whole moral powers. In the Sabbath school, the Bible class, and the duties of church membership, as also in visits of mercy to the poor and afflicted, she soon attained to an eminence, which her associates will all readily acknowledge. Let others draw as largely from the fulness of Christ, and they will be able to go and do likewise. Her bright and useful career was cut short by a wasting disease, tedious and painful; but her faith was firm, and her peace with God was seldom disturbed,—never, it is believed, for any considerable length of time. In an inter-

view, which the writer had with her a few days before her decease, she made remarks, in answer to some inquiries about the state of her mind, to the following amount, (the words not exactly remembered.) "My hope is ordinarily strong and comfortable; but I sometimes lose sight of Christ, and then I am in trouble, for then doubts arise, not about his all-sufficiency, but about my personal interest in his unchanging love, and covenanted mercy. This, I know, is my infirmity or my fault. He is faithful, and able to save to the uttermost, all that come unto God by him." Much more, of the deepest interest, was added; but the words are gone, though the impression remains deep and indelible. As I withdrew from her chamber, never more to see her face, this side of heaven, the aspiration arose, as it had often done before, on similar occasions, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my latter end be like his!"

Christianity is a practical religion; its doctrines must be cordially embraced, and its duties be conscientiously and cheerfully performed, in order to the full enjoyment of its consolations. Your memoir of our deceased friend will, I doubt not, illustrate this remark in a manner, that, under divine favour, will make the little volume a blessing to many, and especially to children and young Christians. May the youth in our churches feel them-

selves called upon, by every breach that death makes in their respective circles, to double their diligence in the work of the Lord! God often admonishes families and churches, by the early and unexpected removal of useful members. The language of such dispensations is: "Give all diligence to make your calling and election sure—the night cometh, wherein no man can work. Behold now is the accepted time." Wishing you all happiness and success in the service of our blessed Master.

I am yours truly, by sacred ties:

W. NEILL.

Germantown, Oct. 17th, 1834.

PART I.

THE VALUE OF RELIGIOUS BIOGRAPHY: REASONS FOR WRITING THIS MEMOIR.

And we desire that ye be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.—*Heb.* vi. 12.

THE human eye is so constructed, that it can perceive with distinctness and pleasure only individual objects.

If we ascend a lofty steeple, and survey an extended and beautiful city, we soon feel dissatisfied with an attempt to take in a large portion of the scene at one scope of vision, and turn to the contemplation of separate streets, squares, and houses, or a portion of the distant forest, the capacious harbour, the noble ship, or some other single object.

If we take a position on an eminence commanding an extended landscape, we find that it is not a view of the whole scene which most deeply impresses our minds, and gives us most pleasure; but that of the component parts of it—the verdant meadow, the field covered with flocks and herds, the

stately mansion, the humble cottage, the distant woodland, and the meandering river or streamlet.

When we enter a beautiful garden filled with trees and flowers, or witness a horticultural exhibition, it is not a *coup-d'œil*, a glance at the whole, which delights us longest, or creates the most permanent impressions ; but it is the examination, separately, of the fruits, and flowers, and shrubbery, which we see there. In one part we view the orange tree, the lemon, &c.; in another, the baskets of fruits successively; and in a third, the dahlia, the rose, the hyacinth, the anemone, the carnation and the jessamine.

So it is with the mind. It can dwell upon general principles and propositions ; but prefers analysis. And simple truths are most easily and clearly perceived, and permanently remembered, because they are most distinctly apprehended.

We read of the conduct of nations, and the achievements of armies, with interest; but we prefer looking away, when we seek most pleasure or profit, from the aggregate of action, to the exemplification of principles and sentiments, which we deem noble, in the conduct of *individuals*, whom we can contemplate singly and distinctly.

If these propositions are correct, they teach us why biographical works have ever been the most interesting and profitable portions of the history of the past. They single out individuals for our fixed

and undivided attention, and give us defined, and consequently impressive, views of characters and actions, instead of the vague, indistinct, and feeble impressions, which men and their actions occasion when viewed in the gross.

It cannot have escaped the attention of even the most superficial reader of the Bible, that a very large portion of it consists of biographical sketches of individuals. Why is this? Because he who made man, best knew how to adapt instruction to his nature. And when he would teach men lessons of obedience and religion, he presents, in epitome, the lives of Abraham, and Joseph, and Moses, and Joshua, and Samuel, and David, and Elijah, and Hezekiah, and Josiah, and Paul, and above all, of Jesus Christ, the exemplar of every virtue of which human nature is susceptible. On the other hand, when he would give us most impressive lessons on the odiousness, the injuriousness, and the wages of sin, he exhibits to us brief, but striking portraits of such men as Pharaoh, and Saul, and Ahab, and Herod.

In every age of the church, the lives of those who were distinguished for their zeal, or reputed piety, have constituted the most popular books, so far, at least, as regards those who professed religion. And there is scarcely one circumstance in relation to evangelical religion, in this country and Great Britain, which augurs more decidedly its increase

and perpetuity, than the great and rapidly increasing number of excellent works of this kind. That there is any danger of there being too many of them is not credible. For whilst only those of the highest and most general interest, will survive the destruction which time effects, the others, though less valuable, will subserve important purposes, illustrate the power of religion, in ever-varying circumstances, and profitably instruct the minds of those who read them. And so each may furnish its proper contingent, be it less or more, of influence to make this world better.

The memoirs of those who have been eminent for piety, in different ages of the world, are well adapted to give us instruction. The same promises which supported Abraham, and Moses, and David, and Paul, and Augustine, and Luther, and Whitefield, and Brainerd, and Martyn, and Mills, are sufficient to sustain and console us. They endured similar temptations from the "world, the flesh, and the devil." And if we find the road that leads to heaven narrow and difficult; if we find that to live a life of devotedness to God, requires constant self-denial, watchfulness, and prayer; if we experience the bitter reproaches of the world, and what is still harder to bear, the "fiery darts of the wicked one;" let us remember, (and surely it will be some support to us,) that they passed

through the same trials and difficulties, and came off more than conquerors.

> "They wrestled hard, as we do now,
> With sins, and doubts, and fears."

Other things being equal, the memoirs of those who have lived within our own times, and in circumstances similar to ours, are best fitted to do us good, inasmuch as they show us what is practicable for us, and exhibit the subjects of them as discharging duties, making sacrifices, and enduring trials, which are likely, in a good measure, to fall to our lot.

The reasons which have led to the preparation of this memoir may be stated in few words:

1. The subject of this memoir was a person of eminent piety. She was a most devoted, exemplary, and useful christian. Few have given more unequivocal evidences of being children of God. It was, therefore, deemed a duty faithfully to set forth the example which her life exhibited, of the excellence of true religion, and the blessedness which is to be found in faithfully serving God, as lessons of instruction to all who will contemplate them.

2. This memoir describes the life of one who was eminently useful, and shows how it was that she became so. It is a memoir of one who lived among us, and was known to hundreds in the city

of her residence, and whose circumstances were not materially different from those of thousands of christians in our land. It is not the memoir of a *martyr*, nor of a person in an extraordinary station of life, nor of a minister of the Gospel, nor of a missionary of the cross, but of one whose example is the more easy to be followed by the mass of christians, inasmuch as her circumstances, means of usefulness, &c. were similar to their own. This book, therefore, is intended to occupy ground which is comparatively untrodden in our religious biographies; a very large majority of which relate to persons whose lives were passed in circumstances widely different from those of the most of christians. Few readers, it is apprehended, will be able to rise up from the perusal of this book, and say that it does not reach their case; that the example which it exhibits cannot be followed by them, inasmuch as the spheres in which they live are entirely dissimilar to that in which the subject of this memoir was placed.

3. In an especial manner, this volume is designed to show to *Sabbath-school teachers*, *tract distributors*, *friends of the various benevolent societies*, and *visiters of the poor and wretched*, what can be done by one person, and that within a short period. The example which is here delineated is calculated to awaken a holy emulation, as well as to afford the most cheering encouragement.

Indeed, it would have been manifestly wrong to have permitted so remarkable an instance of the power, the blessedness, and the utility of devoted and active piety, to pass away from the earth, without an effort to extend its influence beyond the circle in which it appeared.

It only remains for the author of this volume to assure the reader that he has endeavoured to state what he well knows to be true, and what may be relied on with entire confidence. He has not exceeded, but, he fears, fallen far short of a complete representation of her character and usefulness.

That the blessing of God may ever accompany the perusal of this memoir, is his sincere and earnest prayer.

PART II.

HER EARLY LIFE: EDUCATION: CONVERSION, &c.

"And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee."—*Deut.* viii. 2.

Anna Jane Linnard was born at Philadelphia, on the 8th of May, 1800, and was the youngest, but one, of eleven children. Her father, Colonel William Linnard, was an officer in the American army during several years of the war of the revolution; and held, until recently, the office of Quarter Master General. He is now very aged and infirm. Her mother was a godly woman, and deeply interested in the spiritual and eternal welfare of her children. She was, however, removed from this world whilst the subject of this memoir was quite a child. But her instructions and prayers were not in vain. Almost all her children, it is believed, have been brought to the knowledge of the Saviour; and several of them have followed her to a brighter and better world.

The annals of the church are filled with facts which prove the blessed influence of faithful, judi-

cious, and pious maternal instruction. The heavenly counsels, persuasive appeals, the sweet tones of the endeared voice, and the affecting and irresistible eloquence of the beloved countenance of a devoted mother, cause impressions to be made in the hearts of her offspring, which time cannot efface. "I should have been an infidel of the French school," said a distinguished statesman, recently deceased, "had it not been for the remembrance of my mother, who died during my childhood, but who used to make me kneel down by her side, and placing my little hands in hers, taught me to say 'Our Father which art in Heaven.'" And although this great, but unhappy, man gave no satisfactory evidence of having experienced the saving power of religion, yet his history shows the amazing influence of a mother's instruction and prayers, enforced by a mother's love, upon the heart of childhood, and which lasted until the latest years of life.

But, although Miss Linnard lost her mother in her childhood, she was not wholly without that guidance and training which a mother alone can fully give. God, in his goodness, had made a provision, for which she never ceased to be grateful, after she had arrived at an age which enabled her to appreciate it. Her eldest sister, with more than a sister's care and affection, watched over her, and the members of the family who were

younger than herself, and confirmed them in the pious instructions which had been commenced by their excellent mother: whilst their worthy and greatly respected father was assiduous in the discharge of the duties of his station. Although he was not a professor of religion, yet he lived a most exemplary life, and was careful to bring up his children in the fear of God, and in the strictest regard for the holy Sabbath, and all the other duties of religion. Neither his public official duties, which were very numerous, nor any other cause, led him to neglect the temporal or religious interests of his beloved family. And nothing gave him so much delight as to see them, one after another, devoting themselves to the Lord, and attaching themselves to his people.

Col. Linnard and his family, for many years attended the Third Presbyterian Church; afterwards they worshipped at the Sixth, where most of the surviving members still attend. During the greater part of the first twelve years of her life, Miss Linnard enjoyed the privilege of living under the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Alexander, now Professor of Theology in the Seminary at Princeton. His sermons and catechetical instructions made an impression on her mind. And although they did not lead to a saving change of heart, yet they probably formed a part of that mysterious chain of influences, which, under,

the guidance and teaching of the Holy Spirit, our Sanctifier, afterwards gradually enlightened her mind in the knowledge of God; her relations to him as her Creator, Benefactor, and Redeemer; her sinful and lost estate; and the way of salvation by a simple reliance on the righteousness, blood, and intercession of the Lord Jesus Christ. Nor was the knowledge which she thus early obtained, on these subjects, only theoretical. From her earliest years she had, at times, many and distressing convictions of sin. But no saving change of heart appears to have taken place until she was about twenty years of age.

The following remarks are taken from a small memorandum book which she kept, and were written partly when she was on a visit to the country, and partly when she was at home. They were made at the close of the Sabbath, and show that at the age of fifteen her mind was sometimes occupied with serious reflections.

"July 6th, 1815. *Sabbath.* How pleasant it would be, if at retiring for the night, we could exclaim, "A well spent day." Very few are they who can thus speak. In the solitude of our chambers ought this day, in particular, to be spent. Do we thus spend it? Oh no! It is too often trifled away in frivolous amusements, levity, and folly. For all these things we shall really be called to judgment.

"In the silence of the country, the duties of the Sabbath, it might be supposed, would be performed. So thought I. But that day, at least here, is the grand visiting day, a holiday for all sorts and sexes; and is by some spent in mirth and jollity. This morning I was determined to withstand all temptations. I repaired alone to my room, taking a book of sermons with me, studied them attentively, and I hope with profit. In the midst of it, a young girl came up begging me to go with her to hunt for berries. I refused her earnest solicitations. How I wanted to impute it to a new principle! But alas! All my endeavours were vain. Indolence must at last be the cause of the refusal.

"Hard it is to confine the mind to any thing good. Our thoughts continually wander from one idle thing to another, but most from what is good. It is so, at least, with myself. I can think of any thing else rather than religion. O Lord, renew my heart; pour down thy grace, I beseech thee, on my poor unworthy soul, that I may love and serve thee."

"August 16. *Sabbath.* A trifling circumstance detained me from church. That, generally, is no cause of regret to me. Any pretext is sufficient to keep me from the house of God. Miserable depravity of heart! How should I employ myself in heaven through an endless eternity? The

society of the good is disagreeable here; how shall I bear that of angels and saints? Oh, never; till the Lord is pleased to renew my heart. Hasten the time, Almighty Father, when thou wilt be pleased to receive me as thy servant. Keep me through the remainder of this day, and to thee shall be the glory forever."

At a very early period of her life, Miss Linnard displayed indications of more than ordinary talent, and a remarkable desire for knowledge. And as soon as she had learned to read, and had acquired the terms by which things are expressed, she made rapid progress. She enjoyed for a number of years the instructions of an excellent teacher. And although she ceased to attend school at the age of fourteen, yet such were her indefatigable industry, and perseverance in her efforts to obtain knowledge, that few females in our country have acquired a larger amount of truly valuable information, united with real discipline of mind. Every faculty—memory, taste, judgment, &c., became matured and strengthened to an uncommon degree, before she reached her twentieth year.

When she was quite young she read, in an attentive manner, the Universal History, written by an association of literary gentlemen in England, and consisting of twenty octavo volumes. Having much leisure, and access to her father's valuable library, she devoted a very large portion

of her time, from her fifteenth year, to reading and study. Even before that period, she had read a large number of books. And her reading was not confined to historical works, but included the whole circle of what are called the English classical authors. The Poets and Moralists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were familiar to her. She was well acquainted with the writings of Addison, Steele, Swift, Milton, Pope, Johnson, &c. &c.

She early manifested a great taste for writing. When she was only eight or ten years of age, and before she had learned geography, she wrote a long story, which, although it displayed much immaturity of mind, and ignorance of places;—such as that of laying the scene of the events in the *county* of Virginia—indicated much ingenuity, and a vigour of thought, and of imagination very extraordinary in a child. These facts are mentioned, simply as evidences of activity of mind and a fondness for knowledge, and not as possessing any special intrinsic importance. It will be seen in the sequel that this taste for writing increased with increasing years, and lead to the attempts which she made, after she had become enlightened by divine grace, to employ her pen to promote the glory of God, and the best interests of the young.

In this connexion, it may be stated—what the

reader might almost infer from the preceding paragraph—that Miss Linnard early became fond of reading the romances and tales which are now generally denominated novels. She read a great number of such books; indeed, almost every thing of the kind which she could obtain. Nor did she read even these works carelessly. As a proof of this, it may be mentioned, that she wrote a short critical essay on the character of Sir Walter Scott's novels, which is one of the best which the author of this memoir has ever seen. It was written when she was in her nineteenth year, and before she became pious. The acute discrimination which it displays, is characteristic of a vigorous and well disciplined understanding, united with a most refined and exquisite taste—taste, as an attribute of the mind, rather than of the heart, and particularly as employed upon the works of nature, and descriptions of those works.

She deeply lamented this fondness for novels after she had "tasted the good word of God." She never ceased, after that event, to consider it one of the greatest calamities of her life. What her opinions respecting *novel reading* were, after her conversion, and until the day of her death, will be fully stated in another place.

From her fifteenth to her twentieth year, Miss Linnard's seriousness of feeling was probably much less than during the earlier portion of her life.

She then began to mingle much with the world. Her attention appears to have been absorbed by her studies, and by fashionable society. She became fond of dress and display, and indulged in them as far as her circumstances allowed. And although it has been often said, that fondness for dress, in a female, is characteristic of a weak mind, yet the remark was certainly not just in her case. She possessed a mind of a very high order, and cultivated it, all the while, with the utmost assiduity. And no fondness for dress and gay company, nor novel reading, nor any other cause, was sufficient to make her give up the study of the most valuable authors in English Literature. She also acquired such a knowledge of the French language as to be able to read it with facility.

Such was Miss Linnard's course of life before the occurrence of that gracious change, which turned her thoughts and feelings into a new and heavenly channel, transformed her entire character, and made her a monument of the power of religion. Until that event, her whole life, although free from what is censurable in the view of the world, was one of hostility to her God and Saviour. Whilst there was much in her conduct to excite the admiration of the world, yet there was no manifestation of any real spirituality of feeling. The love of the world, and the things of the world, held undivided sway over her affections.

Her case strikingly illustrates a fact which is constantly witnessed in the conduct of thousands who have been brought up under religious instruction, and which would be truly astonishing, were we not so familiar with its occurrence; namely, an extensive acquaintance with the great and awful truths of the Bible, united with an almost total want of interest in the subject of religion, as a *personal* affair. She knew well the theory of religion. She acknowledged its vast importance. When addressed on the subject, she uttered not a cavil, made not an objection, and admitted that she believed the Bible to be true. She *knew* that she must die; that this life is only one of probation, or rather preparation for eternity. She was aware of the coming judgment day, and its overwhelming transactions. She doubted not the statements which the Scriptures make in regard to the glory of heaven, and the blessedness of the righteous. Nor did she less believe in the approaching awful revelation of the doom of the ungodly, "When the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God and that obey not the Gospel." All these thrilling truths she not only acknowledged, but, in a sense, truly believed. But still her *heart* remained unaffected and unmoved, at least as it regards any effort to seek, in earnest, eternal life.

But, in the year 1820, an event occurred, which,

by the blessing of God, aroused her from the state of comparative insensibility in which she had been living, and proved, ultimately, to be the most important crisis in her life. This was the sickness and death of her beloved sister Susan, who was but a year or two older than herself.

The circumstances of that afflictive event were truly affecting. She had enjoyed, until within a very short time before her decease, uncommonly fine health and spirits, and was in the full bloom of life. She had been married but a little longer than a year, and was surrounded by circumstances which promised as much felicity as usually falls to the lot of mortals. But, in an hour when he was not expected, the Son of man came. And although she had always been a most amiable and serious person, and had had much deep concern respecting her spiritual state, yet she had not given satisfactory evidence, previously to her last sickness, that she had become reconciled unto God. As might be expected, her friends were most tenderly alive to her danger. No pains were spared by her skilful physicians to arrest her disease. It was all, however, in vain.

But the solicitude of her friends for her soul was far greater than for her body. Her beloved pastor, the Rev. Dr. Neill, then settled in the Sixth Presbyterian Church, and other religious friends were constant in imparting instruction, and in commend-

ing her case to God in earnest supplication. And through his mercy she died with a good degree of composure, and, it is believed, in the hope of eternal life through the merits of the blessed Redeemer.

This scene of suffering and death made a very deep impression on the mind of Anna. When apprised of her sister's dangerous state, she hastened to her bedside, and manifested to her last hour, the deepest concern for her salvation; so greatly did she feel the importance of religion in the critical hour of death, and so anxious was she that one so dear to her should not fail of seeing the glory of God. Her tears, her exhortations and entreaties, addressed to her dying sister, and her anxious days and nights, spent at her sick-bed, testified to her strong conviction of the transcendent value of religion, in view of the judgment-seat of Christ, and the realities of the eternal world.

That she felt deeply the death of this sister, is manifest from the following beautiful passages in her large memorandum book, which relate to that mournful event. These reflections and tender apostrophes were written in September, 1820.

"The heart loves to weave a charm around the memory of a departed one, and dwell upon beauties which before were unheeded. Melancholy, painful pleasure! To think of actions, words, and looks, when the heart which dictated, the voice which spoke, and the eyes which beamed, are

all stilled in death. When the loved form, which memory so fondly retains, is covered by the green grassy sod!

"Hers was no common heart. It was tender; it was meek; it was pure and humble. Nor was it alone the remembrance of those mild and lovely virtues that gave the pang to parting. She, though unobtrusive and retiring, had a mind strong and well informed. She was mild, but also firm. How did her amiableness of temper, generosity, and nobleness of disposition endear her to us! Candid and open, she despised display and deceit in others, she practised them not herself.

"O my sister, thou art gone for ever! Thy pure soul has breathed its last sad sigh, and winged its distant way. Thy heart has ceased to throb. Those soft, mild eyes are for ever closed. That smile which hovered around thy lip has fled for ever. And is it so? Art thou dead? Oh no; still in many a heart thou livest. It is not in marble thou art enshrined. Painful—yet it is sweet, when gazing on the evening cloud to think of thee. Fit emblem! Like thee, so fair, so soft, so light, so passing lovely, so transient. Yet not like thine is *its* course. Smooth and serene, the western breeze gently bears it on his wing. But *thou* wast tossed by tempestuous winds. Affliction's hand pressed heavily upon thee, and sunk thee low as the grave. Oh, my

heart bleeds when I recall thy wasted form, and the early grave which has closed on thee for ever."*

The result of this providential dispensation was, in Miss Linnard's case, well worthy of a distinct notice. She was aroused by it, as it were, from a profound and long continued dream. Her eyes were, in some measure, opened to see the danger of delaying repentance until a dying hour. She felt that the great work of preparing to meet God was not even commenced. The consequence was, that she began to peruse the Bible with some degree of diligence, but with little real delight in the duty. On the contrary, within a few days after her sister's decease she began to cavil at the truth which she read. She objected to almost every statement of doctrine and facts, until her scepticism became truly alarming. She continued day after day to read the Scriptures, and quarrel with them at every step. The pride of her understanding was not willing to bow to the simple declarations of God. Nothing in the arrangements of his economy of law, grace, or providence pleased her. She disliked, exceedingly, the doctrine of the fall and total depravity of man,

* There is something peculiarly touching in the eventful history of the latter part of this interesting young lady's life. Within fifteen short months the following affecting incidents occurred:—She was married, became a mother, childless, a widow, and, from perfect health, in a few weeks withered away, like a blossom, and died!

justification by faith in the merits of Christ alone, &c. In short, the enmity of her heart was singularly stirred against every distinctive feature of Christianity.

This state of feeling was occasioned by her attempting to bring the subject of religion home to her heart as a personal and practical matter. Hitherto, religion had been chiefly viewed as a subject of speculation. But when she was led, by the influence of the Spirit of God, to bring his claims before her mind with a view to action, the "carnal mind, which is enmity against God," rebelled against them, and refused to yield an entire subordination of heart to their sway. The great obstacles which opposed the reception of the Gospel were her pride of intellect, natural independence, and ceaseless aspiration after greatness and distinction in this world.

But God, who is rich in mercy, did not suffer the good work which had been commenced to cease. The sudden and awful death of a cousin, which occurred about this period, probably had some effect to lead her to a greater thoughtfulness, though it is not known that this providence had a very marked degree of influence. But by the operation of the Spirit, through the truth which she read, and which she heard in the faithful sermons of her pastor and other ministers of the Gospel, her mind was more and more enlightened to see her great sinfulness

in the sight of a holy God. Her religious friends watched over this state of things with trembling solicitude. For the opposition, which her unrenewed heart made to the claims of the Gospel, was great and long protracted. But when her eyes were opened to see more clearly her true character, she "abhorred herself," and was prostrate before the throne of God, as an humble, contrite suppliant for his unmerited favour, through Jesus Christ. Her distress became exceedingly great, and she was brought to the borders of despair. And this state of things lasted a long time. At length she was brought to an humble reliance on the merits of Christ as the sole ground of her hope before God.

She now began to entertain, in some degree, a comfortable belief of her having become truly reconciled to God. It was not, however, a hope full of joy and peace. On the contrary, it was weak and trembling. This change occurred in the latter part of the year 1820. On the 13th day of the succeeding February, being in her 21st year, after having observed a season of fasting and prayer, she adopted and subscribed a written covenant, in which she made a solemn devotion of herself to God. The form which she used is that which Dr. Doddridge has given in his "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul."

This covenant Miss Linnard very frequently

renewed, and with great profit. Indeed, it was a practice with her to make this renewal on the observance of days of fasting and prayer, which were frequent during the year. No act of devotion with her was more delightful, or more abundant in consolation, than that of a distinct, formal, and sincere consecration of herself to God her Saviour.

In May 1821, Miss Linnard became a member of the visible church, and was baptized by the Rev. Dr. Neill. This act was done after long and mature deliberation. She felt it not only a duty, but a privilege, to profess the name of Christ before the world, and attach herself to the company of those who are followers of the Lamb. And yet this step was not taken without many fears and doubts. She had great distrust of her own heart, and was far from having a full assurance of hope.

It ought, perhaps, to be stated, that she often doubted, afterwards, whether she did not join the church prematurely. But this is a point respecting which very different opinions would be expressed by different persons. One thing is certain; she did not rest on a mere profession of religion. No; that gave her no consolation when she did not enjoy the full evidence, in her heart and life, that she was born again.

Not long after she had made a profession of religion, she fell into a state of distressing darkness and doubt respecting her spiritual state. The feeble

hope, and the comparative peace which she, in a measure, had enjoyed, were lost. After passing several weeks in this state of mind, she ventured to address a letter to her greatly respected pastor, in which she fully stated all her difficulties. As the letter was anonymous, he had no other means of giving the desired and needed counsel, than to preach a sermon on the case as stated. The blessing of God evidently accompanied this discourse. It gave her great and permanent consolation, directed her into the path of peace and holiness, and taught her how to meet the temptations and difficulties which every young convert has to encounter. From this time she set out in the christian course, with maturer views of the manner in which the "life and walk of faith" are to be maintained. And during the whole of her subsequent life she was uniformly one of the happiest christians whom the author of this memoir has ever known.

When she fell into a state of darkness and doubt, she knew where to seek for light and peace. When she felt conscious of having wandered from God and lost the light of his countenance, it was her practice to pause immediately in her course, and take time for special prayer, and self-examination, united often with fasting. She was not willing to live in a state of habitual doubt respecting her prospects for eternity. She went forthwith to the

throne of grace, confessed the sins which had been keeping her from God, and did not cease until she obtained a sense of forgiveness. This has ever been found to be the true and only way to recover lost hope and comfort. This was the course which David pursued. "I thought," says he, "on my ways, and turned my feet unto thy testimonies. I made haste, and delayed not to keep thy commandments."

Pursuing her way to the skies, with cheerful and steady steps, Miss Linnard became not only a happy christian, but also, eminently, an useful one. And it may be asserted that she was indebted for much of her usefulness to her possessing, almost habitually, a full assurance of eternal life. This is a fact which every reader of her life is entreated to remember and ponder well. The energies and usefulness of many christians are greatly impaired by their living in sinful doubts respecting the state of their own souls. These doubts can be removed. They are not acceptable, but exceedingly dishonouring, to God. And they are often occasioned by a criminal want of faith, arising from not reflecting sufficiently on the promises of God, nor reasoning on the gracious declarations which he has made in his word, and which are calculated to enlarge and strengthen our confidence in Him. Let any truly conscientious christian, who is prone to despondency, pursue such trains of reflection as

Scougal so beautifully suggests in his "Life of God in the Soul of Man," under the title of "Considerations," and withal live a life of watchfulness and prayer, and he will soon attain to a good measure of uniform peace and even joy in believing. It is proper to add, however, that those whose *health* is the cause of this despondency are not here meant; for they need a physician: although even they would be benefitted by the course recommended.

Miss Linnard was accustomed, during all her subsequent life, to take frequent and self-humbling retrospects of the long portion of her life which was spent in alienation of heart from God. For although many would deem the first twenty years of life a short period to be given to what they call pleasure, yet she thought very differently. And when reviewing all the way by which the Lord had led her, the sacrifice made for her redemption, his great forbearance, the striving of his long-resisted spirit, and his claims to her entire affections, she was ready to exclaim, in the language of an eminently great and good man, lately deceased;*

> My dear Redeemer and my God,
> Take thou the purchase of thy blood:
> The price was paid that I might be
> A living sacrifice to Thee.

An additional paragraph will close this portion of the Life of Miss Linnard.

* Rev. Rowland Hill.

It is probable that some, who may read this book, will be disappointed at not finding more that is remarkable in the account which has been given of her life before her conversion, and especially of the manner and circumstances of that event. On this point the writer has only to say that he has simply stated the facts of the case. He has not dwelt upon them unnecessarily. And he certainly has no disposition to minister, by exaggeration of these facts, to the erroneous views of those who think that there can be nothing interesting in a religious biography which does not represent the subject of it as having been uncommonly wicked, or whose conversion has not been almost miraculous. Just as if it ought not to be quite as interesting, or rather far more so, to read of the conversion of one whose life was from youth preserved from flagrant sins, and was governed in a good degree by correct sentiments of religion. And yet vast numbers can see nothing attractive in the conversion of a sinner, unless he has previously been remarkable for abandoned wickedness, and his conversion, for some reason or other, wonderful. Now, whilst we ought to magnify the grace of God, which can renew and save the vilest of sinners, we should not less admirethe *restraining* grace displayed in the lives of such persons as Samuel, and Josiah, and Obadiah, and Timothy. But with perverted judgments and tastes, many

even think more highly of the religion of those who were once notoriously wicked; and virtue is reckoned more estimable when it has been preceded by abandoned profligacy. Whereas it requires the same grace to restrain the heart in childhood, and keep it in the right way. And certainly a life thus spent ought to appear more desirable and lovely. The interesting subject of this memoir was remarkable, from her youth, for many excellent qualities, and a most exemplary life, so far as it relates to external conduct. And her conversion, though scriptural in its character, and producing a special and radical change in her life, had nothing wonderful about it. Let us not, on that account, less highly estimate the riches of the grace of God displayed in her case.

PART III.

HER RELIGIOUS CHARACTER.

"But by the grace of God I am what I am."—1 *Cor.* xv. 10.

In the last chapter we had an account of the early life of Miss Linnard, her conversion, and her entrance into membership with the Church of the living God. The present chapter will be devoted to a description of her religious character, from that period until her final sickness.

When Miss Linnard embraced religion, and devoted herself to the service of her Saviour, it may be truly said of her, that she did it without reservation, and with a deliberate and decided determination to be wholly His, for time and for eternity. The private diary which she kept, and which was never read by any human eye until after her death, gives decisive proof of this fact.

The author of this memoir has never conversed with an individual who was better acquainted with the true nature and object of the Christian religion, than this devoted young lady. Her mind was naturally of a very high order, and it was well in-

formed on this important subject, by the perusal of many of the best religious works in the English language, and above all, by a most diligent study of the word of God,—a study which she habitually maintained until the day of her death.

In her view, the Atonement was designed to accomplish three grand objects.

1. To make known the *entire* character of the ever-blessed God, some of whose attributes and perfections—such as his boundless *mercy*, *love*,—and, it might be added, his *holiness*, too—could never have been otherwise manifested, or so fully illustrated, to the universe.

2. To make a sufficient satisfaction to Divine justice and law, so as to render it consistent with the best interests of his kingdom to grant salvation to sinners, who penitently confess, and forsake their sins, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.

3. To secure the *application* of that salvation to sinners: which is effected by the agency of the Holy Spirit, through the instrumentality of the revealed word of God. This agency is one of the "gifts" procured by the death and intercession of Christ.

And with regard to the design of the religion of the Bible, she believed that it was not simply to procure *pardon*, or the mere forgiveness of sins. But that there is, if we may so speak, a higher and nobler end to be accomplished, namely, the

restoration of the image of God to the soul of sinful man; to secure, by a process suited to the nature of man, his recovery to a life of obedience and holiness, begun in his present state of existence, and which will be completed before he enters the gates of the New Jerusalem. Pardon and holiness are inseparably connected in this glorious plan of salvation—a plan fully suited to the spiritual wants of mankind. And he who desires to have the one, must be willing to receive with it the other.

Holding these views, which are so clearly taught in the word of God, she set out in the christian course, and persevered in it, with the conviction that much as she needed pardon,—which she sought in the way, made known in the Bible, viz: by repentance towards God and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ,—she also needed the renovation of her heart, and its entire sanctification by the Spirit and grace of God. And she sought this with the whole heart. To become conformed to the measure of holy obedience which God has required in his laws, and above all, has given in the life of his blessed Son, appeared to her to be the most desirable object in the world.

She sought this growth in grace and conformity to the will of God, as the grand object and business of life. To become holy as God is holy, was, in her view, the only end at which an

intelligent and accountable being should aim. She used the appropriate means to approximate, and finally reach, this desirable consummation. For this purpose, she was abundant in prayer, fasting, reading the word of God, meditation and reflection, watchfulness, hearing the Word dispensed in the sanctuary, &c. She believed that if she would make progress in holiness, she must constantly, humbly, and in reliance upon the grace of God, use the divinely appointed means through which, with the aid of God's Spirit, she might, and did obtain those measures of knowledge, peace, purity, and love, which elevate and refine the affections, enlighten the understanding, and sweetly, and delightfully bring the will into a blessed coincidence with the will of God. And whilst she rejected one Antinomian error, and it is one of almost universal practical operation in the church in these times, viz: that religion consists in the pardon of sin, she did not less abhor another error of the same origin, viz: that progress in holiness is the mere sovereign gift of God, bestowed, as the rain of heaven, without any connexion with human effort to obtain it. She held no such doctrine as this. She believed that it was her duty to *seek* eminent attainments in piety —not as a matter of boasting, or a ground of dependance,—but as a *duty*, a *privilege*, not less commanded by her heavenly Father, than required by

the very nature of the human soul, which cannot find happiness but in proportion to its approximation to a blessed conformity to the image of its Maker, portrayed in his word, and exemplified in the life of Jesus Christ. She imitated Paul, and Edwards, and Brainerd, and Martyn, and Mrs. Graham, and Mrs. Newell, and Mrs. Huntingdon, and many others, who attained to a degree of piety,—not evinced by spiritual pride, but by *humility*—which but few, comparatively, of christians do attain. And how did they attain it? Not by sitting down in slothfulness, but by aiming at it, and by seeking it, in the use of the means which God has enjoined, with all diligence, and in reliance upon divine grace. And it ought not to be a matter of wonder to any one who reads their lives, that they became eminently devoted christians. Behold how they prayed, attended upon the ordinances of God's house, studied his word, fasted, and watched over their hearts and lives!

With such views of religion and of duty, did Miss Linnard commence her christian course, and in them, she persevered to the end. Religion, personal religion, was the business of every day. It is not intended to assert that she did not come short very often,—indeed, daily and hourly—of what she knew she ought to be. This fact she constantly lamented. She *felt* that she came far,

very far, short of that holy and reasonable rule of duty which God has given in his moral law.

She had the most exalted ideas of the perfection which it requires of us, and she was humbled in the dust in view of her deficiency. In her diary she notes down, with much particularity, her defects, with the view, undoubtedly, of holding them up to her own contemplation, and in order to confess them before God, and to seek His grace to enable her to overcome them. Some extracts will be given, which will show to every reader the great faithfulness, and even severity, with which she examined herself, and noted her failures in duty, as well as the intimate knowledge which she had of the deceitfulness and depravity of the human heart.

On the 18th of March, 1823, she wrote in her diary as follows:

"Suffered self-indulgence to defraud me of half an hour this morning, and when I did rise, was cold and stupid. Contrary to expectation, had a gracious audience at the throne of grace. Some life whilst reading the Scriptures, and felt its influence on my heart through the day. Committed a part of a chapter of the Epistle to Titus. Felt some tenderness of spirit during the day, but no fixedness of mind. Oh that my heart were not so wandering, but were entirely abstracted from the things of this world, and set on things above!

Lost time by loitering after dinner. Read Thomas a Kempis with some improvement, and think I can say that I rejoiced in the will of God being done in me. Lost time and a serious sense of divine things. Have not profited by last night's examination. My soul feels its guiltiness, yet is not sensibly affected by it. Alas! how does sin harden the heart!"

On another day she wrote as follows:

"Rose as usual, stupid, and felt entirely destitute of spiritual life or strength. In prayer, endeavour to give myself away to God in an unreserved manner. Read the Scriptures with very little improvement, and again implored a portion of the children's bread. Went down stairs humbled, and laboured during the morning to fix my thoughts on heavenly things, but found it difficult to do it for any length of time. The passage committed on Tuesday, afforded me some affecting ideas; yet, for want of retaining them, lost much of the benefit. Contrary to my intention, engaged in conversation not of the most profitable kind. I lament my backwardness to introduce religious conversation, yet seldom feel resolution to engage in it, particularly, in the family. 'Out of thy mouth shalt thou be judged.' Oh, what will become of such a creature as I am! Lost time in loitering after dinner. *Evening.* Have not had a *warm* sense of God's goodness in tem-

poral and spiritual mercies. What an ungrateful heart is mine, and what wonderful long-suffering is exercised toward me!"

On another page of her diary is the following notice of her feelings. It was intended to be a memorandum of her deficiencies, when her heart and conduct were weighed in the "balance of the sanctuary." "Felt drowsy this morning, and lost so much time in sleep that I had not time for my devotions before breakfast. Resolved to make more exertion in this respect. After breakfast read a portion of Hezekiah's history, with some improvement. Was enabled to feel some earnest desires in prayer. Felt willing, I think, to yield myself entirely up to God. Endeavoured to watch against a trifling spirit, and was in some measure successful. In company, desirous of guarding against vain conversation; but whilst conversing on serious things, felt the risings of self-complacency. For a few moments had considerable freedom at the throne of grace. Walking out, lost the sense of God in my soul. Oh for a heart lifted up above the power of earthly things to distract. Drank tea at S—— B——. Could not enter upon spiritual conversation by reason of my backward heart. Attended prayer-meeting. I seldom attain to any fixedness of mind in these duties, but am generally troubled with vain, wandering thoughts and imaginations, owing, in a great degree, I believe, to my

want of watchfulness, prejudices, nicety of taste, &c. Oh my God, have mercy upon me for these sins. I felt deeply guilty, yet not broken hearted. Had been indulging in self-complacency during the evening: had also felt happy in believing the work of sanctification progressing. But how am I taught my own vileness! After having thus mocked God, I felt little disposed to secret duty, and was tempted to omit it. But it occurred to me, that to keep me from the place of pardon, would be all that Satan could desire; and while persevering, I felt some melting of heart in pleading for forgiveness.—*Observation.* That sin has a surprizing tendency to harden the heart: I find myself always harder when conscience has been grieved."

Again, she wrote the following excellent remarks upon the events of one day. "Rose later than usual, and in an unthankful, stupid frame. Attempted to engage in prayer, but was wandering and cold, could not realize the presence of God, or breathe out one desire after Him. I can generally form some idea of what the day will be, from the manner in which devotion is performed in the morning. As I was unrefreshed this morning, so I have been weak and helpless through the day, and felt entirely destitute of strength to strive against my besetting sin—particularly my slothful, loitering disposition.

"Read the Scriptures without any life, more as a

form than any thing else. Studied the Bible lesson and attended the class. Of all my besetting sins this is, I think, the most deeply rooted; this desire to appear well, and to receive honour from human beings, continually intrudes into my thoughts, and destroys the life of my duties.

"Attended prayer meeting without proper preparation, and endeavoured, in vain, whilst there, to excite my affections, and raise my cold heart from earth to heaven. Lead in prayer with much apparent warmth and enlargment of heart, but very little internal affection. How detestable must I appear in the sight of the Great Searcher of hearts! From my procrastinating spirit lost time for self-examination, did not feel suitably a sense of my depravity, and in family prayer was very stupid and formal. Oh, wretched being that I am! who shall deliver me? Went to rest, as might be supposed, after such a day, distressed, but not truly contrite."

We shall give but one more extract from her diary at this point in the memoir. It is as follows: "*Sabbath.* In prayer this morning, was sensible of more affection than I had expected. Read a portion of the Scriptures in too hurried a manner to derive much profit. During the prayer meeting felt some life. In church was much touched with my besetting sin: yet I trust it had not the victory over me. By asking assistance, I was enabled, in some degree, to mortify it. Resolved, by partial

fasting and prayer to humble myself before God. Spent the time of the intermission profitably, confessed, and wept over my sins."

This is a specimen of what her diary contains. It is a faithful record of her deficiencies, with no intention that it should be seen by any human eye, but that it might be a perpetual remembrancer, that she might contemplate them, pray and fast over them, and through God's grace obtain the victory over them. "Remembering mine affliction and my misery, the wormwood and the gall. My soul hath them still in remembrance, and is humbled in me. This I recall to my mind, therefore, have I hope. It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not." And this victory she did gain to an uncommon degree; though, in her own view, she seemed to make little progress in holiness.

We have given the foregoing extracts from Miss Linnard's diary for the purpose of showing, 1. The great sensibility of conscience which she possessed, and which led her to detect the slightest deviation in her affections or conduct, from what she believed to be the requirements of God's holy law. 2. Her rigid and uncompromising fidelity as displayed in her severe self-condemnation for the slightest omission of any known duty, or the secret risings of pride or vanity. 3. Her great abhorrence of all sin, and her deep humiliation on account of her de-

ficiencies. Here is no concealment or palliation. All is acknowledged, and condemned, and wept over, and resolved against. 4. Her unwearied pains to overcome, what she called her besetting sins, pride, fastidiousness, vanity, and slothfulness: sins which intimate friends would have been slow to charge her with after her conversion. As to *slothfulness*, which she often mentions in her diary, and mourns over, there is no one, who, if he knew all the facts in her history, after she became a Christian, would not say that he has seldom, if ever, heard of a person in her circumstances, who laboured more indefatigably than she did, until she was called to give up her stewardship, for the temporal and eternal welfare of mankind. She literally *wore* out life in the service of her Saviour, as will appear in the sequel.

There are three classes of persons who will read the extracts which have been given from Miss Linnard's diary, with widely different feelings, and form very different opinions respecting them. One is composed of those who are avowedly unconverted. Such persons, having never had any correct idea of sin, and having never analyzed the motives which are the springs of their actions, cannot at all enter into the feelings and views of the subject of this memoir. They will be likely to look upon this portion of the book as exceedingly disagreeable. The entire nature of *sin*, and of its intrinsic evil and odiousness, as well as the na-

ture of *holiness* and its desirableness, are subjects of which they have no proper conceptions. Another class consists of nominal professors of religion, and such as know but little of the power of religion, or the depravity of their own hearts. They have a religion which has given them but little trouble, and knowing nothing of the spiritual warfare with the world, the flesh, and the devil, which every one who seeks for entire deliverance from sin must incessantly wage, the language which Miss Linnard uses is all a mystery to them.

The third class consists of those who have experienced the renewal of the heart by the Spirit of God, and who, having tasted the comfort which flows alone from purity of heart, and supreme love to God, and obedience to his will, can readily enter into the meaning of the language which she employs. They know what the Christian warfare is. They know what the "plague of the heart" signifies. They, too, mourn over the depravity of their hearts, and daily cry to God for complete deliverance from the power and pollution of sin, as well as from the condemnation and ruin which, when unpardoned, it occasions.

Miss Linnard was in the habit of frequently setting apart special days for fasting and prayer, besides observing those which were appointed by the civil or ecclesiastical authorities. The observance of such days she found to be a source of rich bless-

ing to her soul. Respecting one of them (the 3d of September, 1823) she wrote as follows, and it is only quoted as containing a statement of the motives which led her to the observance of such days. "I have set apart this day for humbling myself before God, by fasting and prayer. I have for some weeks been oppressed with a sense of guilt which has weighed me down. The remembrance of my sins has been grievous, and the burden of them too intolerable to be borne. And in looking into my heart, I felt that there was a call for some deep expression of penitence and sorrow. For several months, instead of making progress in spiritual life, I fear I have been declining. I have backslidden with a perpetual backsliding."

In addition to this, it was her practice to devote the first day of every year to special prayer, and sometimes made memoranda of her feelings on those solemn occasions. We give a few of these annual notices, which, besides giving an account of her religious feelings and views during each past year in succession, also contain many excellent remarks on points of general interest.

January 1, 1824. "This is the beginning of a new year. O my soul, what hast thou been doing in the time that is past? Ah me! the review affords but little pleasure. The same ground has been gone over, sinning, repenting, resolving, yet sinning. I have broken very many resolutions. I

have omitted very many duties, and committed very many and greatly aggravated sins. And, if my heart was not exceedingly hard, and my conscience very stupid, I do think I should be almost crushed to the earth, under the recollection of them. I can not perceive that I have made much advancement in the divine life; or that I have really gained any victory over my sins. I feel in my heart, this day, the workings of a most corrupt nature. I do not know that I am any more humble, or any less desirous of vain glory, than heretofore. And yet, let me not sink into despondency. I think that I have acquired some more knowledge of myself. And though I have obtained no sensible advantage over sin, yet my hungerings and thirstings after righteousness have been greatly increased. Generally, I have had a spirit of fervent prayer. I have been helped to engage more in religious duties, particularly in set meditation; not so much for a month or two past as before. I feel sometimes—most generally, I think, in private prayer—as though I could breathe my very soul out at the feet of Jesus. I have enjoyed much comfort, too, in church; in secret prayer; in reading the Scriptures; in meditation on God and heaven. I have been exceedingly elevated and enlarged, so much so, that I have been, at times, almost overwhelmed with the views I have had.

"There is one thing, I think, I have attained in

the year—that is, a great love to the Scriptures. They are applied to my heart in a peculiar manner. I delight in them. They are no longer dry and uninteresting; but there is a life and spirit in them which I never experienced before. I have been exercised much with a sense of the divine presence, and have found it a great benefit to me. I think, also, I have experienced something of the *fear* of God; a frequent sense of the divine majesty in religious services, and a deeper reverence in engaging in duty; also, within four or five months past, a spirit of praise, and much comfort in it.

"In closing the year, I have most abundant reason for thankfulness. Blessing and praise be unto the Lord, but unto me, shame and confusion of face! How bountifully hath he dealt with me, and how illy have I requited his favours! My temporal mercies have been very great. Our family have all been continued in health. No distressing, dangerous diseases, or painful, anxious watchings. Death hath made no inroads, with the exception of an infant, which died in the summer. And we are all, this *New Year*, the living to praise the Lord. We have been fed, and clothed, and sheltered; been preserved from all dangers and disturbances; restrained from sin; cherished and supported. Above all, we have witnessed very favourable appearances in one who has been the object of much

solicitude and prayer. Here, then, may I raise my Ebenezer. Hitherto the Lord hath helped us.

"Closed the last year, and commenced this, in a prayer-meeting, at which I felt a great deal of solemnity. Yet I had not that feeling of nearness to Christ, or of the presence of the Spirit, which often render those meetings so profitable. Afterwards, when speaking of deficiencies, I detected a very subtle working of pride. At family worship, very cold and wandering. Had to allow but little time, after returning home, for devotion. Felt great earnestness in praying for spiritual blessings. In church, had a good deal of wandering of mind in prayer, and some warmth of affection. Sermon from the text, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us;" which I enjoyed; and felt I had need to, and my heart did, raise an Ebenezer. Spent the afternoon in my chamber, in serious duties. Felt very urgent for sanctifying grace. I feel sometimes as if my sins would overwhelm me, and sink me into despair. I pray for deliverance from my besetting sin, and, perhaps, while I am rising from my knees, I perceive it rising in my heart, and I know not what to do. It was the case this afternoon. In reflecting on the Lord's mercies, I experienced some grateful emotions."

January 1, 1825. "Spent the closing hours of the last year, and commenced this, with a religious society. The exercises were solemn, and my

heart was considerably engaged, yet so much oppressed with a sense of guilt, that I knew not what to do. It seemed to me that I would gladly have been trampled under feet—I felt my ill-desert so strongly that I almost desired to have it. I doubt whether it was true contrition: probably only the actings of an awakened conscience.

"Attended worship this morning in a very dead, cold frame, and of course was but little benefitted. Have been settling my year's account with my soul. And alas, alas, what do I find? *Sin, sin, sin!*

"In the early part of the year my heart began to wander from God, in the neglect of a duty to which it has always been averse, but which I am convinced is a means of grace—*spiritual meditation.* When diligently attended to, my soul has a life, an elevation, which it has at no other time. But I have passed by stated times for it, day after day, without one hour spent thus with God. The drawings and sensible calls of the Spirit to my retirement have been wilfully resisted. And yet, occasionally, when my soul has obeyed, what joy, what fulness of joy have I experienced! Yet I have been thus ungrateful.

"Through the winter those omissions were not so frequent as afterwards. In the spring, my heart was also much drawn away with the desire of other things. Worldly thoughts and matters engrossed much of my time. Through the heat of

summer, instead of using double exertion and exercising greater watchfulness, yielded to a spirit of sloth and self-indulgence. This *sloth*, I think, is the great enemy of my soul—the right eye, the right hand. Lord, impress deeply on me the necessity of subduing it, and casting it from me for ever!

"Have been much troubled of late with evil tempers. Here is evidence of declension. I have become more irritable and less forbearing, and often sensible of an ungentle spirit. Have not resisted it—have by no means done all that in me lay to conquer it. Besides, have been very superficial in daily self-examination. It has been hurried over in such a manner as not to benefit me.

"I have failed greatly in relative duties; have been far from a right spirit towards my inferiors, superiors, or equals, coming short in every thing. Wandering thoughts have made great inroads on my devotions. I have set apart several days, besides those before communions, for fasting and prayer; yet seemed to have gained but little strength.

"On the whole, I cannot perceive that I have made the least progress, but the contrary, unless it be that I think I have learned more of the nature of faith, and have been more sensible of its actings. When often burdened and oppressed with a sense of sin, I have been conscious, (if I am not deceived,)

of a direct acting of faith on the sacrifice and propitiation for sin, and an application of it to my soul, and have felt peace and comfort in believing."

January 1, 1827. "On looking back on the dealings of God with my soul, and my perverse way before Him, I have much reason, on one hand, for gratitude, and on the other, for deep humiliation and sorrow. During the first two months of the year, my time was chiefly occupied in the sick room of my dear sister Mary.* It pleased the Lord to chasten us very severely in her, and, in March, to remove her from us. But not unmingled with mercy was the blow. And though it be painful to recall those agonizing hours here, let me record the goodness and faithfulness of the prayer-hearing and covenant-keeping God.

"Her mind was greatly disturbed with doubts and fears and gloomy anticipation, on the approach of the last enemy. Her hopes all fled, and her agony of mind was extreme. Her expressions of anguish rent my heart; yet still I was endued with strength and fortitude. My only refuge was

* This amiable and interesting young lady was awakened by the death of her sister Susan, and still more deeply impressed, by the sudden death of a cousin, a few weeks afterwards. She joined the Sixth Presbyterian Church in the summer of 1820.

Israel's God. To Him we cried, and He heard and delivered. Encouraged by his promises, a few dear friends assembled in an adjoining room to plead for mercy. That old saint of God, Mr. Joseph Eastburn, was sent for. They engaged earnestly in prayer together for some time. But still the darkness remained. That night, however, the Sun of Righteousness, we trust, arose with healing in his beams. Her fears were all removed, and she found peace in believing—a peace which continued for the few days she remained, and armed her against all the terrors of death and the grave."

The remainder of this annual memorandum is taken up with severe self-condemnation for allowing herself to lose so much of the benefit which this affliction was designed to accomplish for her soul —for the wandering of her affections from God to created objects—for occasionally unguarded and harsh expressions of opinion respecting others—for indulgence, sometimes, in vain imaginations—for want of a vigorous exercise of love to God and man, faith, &c. All these sins she attributes to a want of watchfulness, fasting, and prayer, and, especially, *meditation* on divine things. Upon the whole, she considered herself as not having lived as near to God, nor having attained to the degrees of comfort and joy, during the last two preceding years, as in former days. She

closed the review of the year with thanksgivings to God for his great forbearance and mercy.

January 1, 1828. "Another year has flown rapidly, O how rapidly, away. Yet I am still in the land of the living, in the land of hope, and of mercy. Here let me look back on the days that are past, and let my soul impartially answer the question, "How is it with thee?" Alas! how melancholy is the review! What do I see, but days of sin, and months of guilt!

"The state of mind spoken of in the beginning of the year, (referring to the last annual record) continued some time; and yet I did long earnestly for reviving influences, and seemed to feel, in some measure, my need of them. My mind was a good deal absorbed in a little work which I then commenced, so that, though I mourned my state, I was not led to those means which might have been instrumental in awakening my slumbering soul, until March, when on hearing of the work of God in W—, I, by invitation, repaired thither.

"I cannot exactly describe the state of feeling which succeeded, because I was then, and am still now, at a loss to decide whether it was the result of spiritual influences, or mere animal excitement. At any rate, I began to feel more deeply, more intensely, anxious for the conversion of sinners, and the revival of religion in our own city, than I had done."

She proceeds to remark, that she fell into, what we apprehend, is a very common error with Christians during revivals of religion, and which is one cause, both of the shortness of the blessed work, and of their own loss of spirituality and comfort, viz: that of "being too much in public duties, and too little in those of the closet." She also gives an account of the efforts which she, and a number of others, made for the promotion of religion in Philadelphia, upon her return from W. And whilst she approves of what was done, yet laments that there was so much dependence upon a human arm, instead of God alone; a remark which throws some light upon a fact which she goes on to state.

"The history of that period in our church was rather singular. A considerable number of persons were half-awakened, and for a short time appeared in a hopeful state. But, contrary to our expectations, the partial excitement soon died away, without any permanent results. Great guilt is, no doubt, attached to the church for refusing to come up fully to the work of the Lord."

She then proceeds to describe the state of coldness and destitution of spiritual enjoyment which succeeded, and the manner in which she found relief from it.

"My own mind, during the summer, seemed again to sink into its old apathetic state. I felt

much distressed about it at times. One day, in August, after having suffered my thoughts to run after vanity, towards evening I was led to reflect on my present unprofitableness and folly. Conscience awoke and stung me to the very soul. My distress became great, and yet it was not a godly sort of sorrow, an ingenuous melting of soul, but a kind of hard, remorseful feeling, which I am not a stranger to. I endeavoured to come to Christ afresh, to throw myself again on his mercy, and take a new hold of his covenant, but in vain. It seemed as though I could have as soon removed a mighty mountain, as to have put forth one act of faith.

"This state of feeling continued a day or two. One evening I repaired to my chamber, determined, if possible, to get rid of my burden before leaving it. My mind was as distressed and hardened as ever. Then commenced a mighty struggle. My spirit grappled with unbelief and sin. I felt as if my eternal all was at stake. I prayed in an agony. And yet I obtained no relief. It seemed as if a wall of iron was between me and Christ, and as though it was impossible either to surmount it, or break through it. But blessed be God, I was at last, after perhaps an hour and a half, enabled to take new hold by faith of Christ as my Saviour, to throw myself once more at the foot of his cross, and lay my guilty soul under its

droppings. My burden was removed, and a measure of peace was restored. The way of access to God seemed clear and plain, and I rejoiced in it with joy unspeakable. The grace of God in making such a provision, and the love of Christ seemed so to draw forth my admiration, that *self* was entirely forgotten. The more I looked, the more I loved and praised. And in the increased transport of my soul I praised God aloud. I do not remember ever having had just such a season.

"I did not know, afterwards, whether I had not suffered myself to rise to too great a pitch of animal excitement; and whether my joy would not have proved more salutary and permanent, if the expression of it had been calmer and less tumultuous."

We think that no one can read the preceding extracts from Miss Linnard's private record of her feelings and resolutions, without being greatly benefitted. And may we not add, that it is probable that some professors who read them will be deeply concerned for their own want of that keen sensibility of conscience, that rigid determination to detect and conquer every sin, however subtle its character, and latent its influence, which is so clearly manifested in these brief notices, written by her own pen, and in the sacred privacy of her closet, and with no eye but God's fixed upon her?

The only other extracts which it is proposed to

give from her diary, are the following. They were written at different times, as the dates will show.

"Saturday evening, April 26, 1828. I can scarcely ascertain, or describe, the present state of my soul. There seems that sort of indistinctness in my feelings and exercises, that it is difficult to come at a knowledge of their true character. Of one thing I am certain, that mine is a very sad state of *declension*. I am not what I once was: and Oh, from what have I fallen, and to what! The spirit of slumber seems to have gotten possession of me. I feel an overpowering lethargy of soul from which I cannot arouse. I am motiveless, and almost, as to any spiritual action, motionless. If there is any grace in me it has the feebleness of infancy, or rather, the weakness of expiring age. As to my faith in regard to the presence of God, Oh, how exceedingly weak it is! I have not that habitual, realizing sense of his presence that I once had. He has scarcely an existence, as to any consciousness which I have of it. At times it is not so: but generally I do not *feel* God near. What an atheist I am!

"August, 1828. I have been spending two months in Maryland, and returned much recruited in health, and, consequently, in spirits. The state of my mind was owing greatly to that of my body; and yet I feel criminal, as the bodily affection was induced, in a measure, if not wholly, by mental

depression. My "gourd" withered, and like Jonah, because I could not have *my will*, I sat down grieved and vexed, and caring for nothing but my own disappointment. Oh, what a heart!

"I found a change in scene and air beneficial: enjoyed many seasons of sweet refreshment in the country, in communion with the God of nature and of grace. Whilst there, from want of watchfulness, fell into sin, which grieved my conscience, very much, and what is worse, grieved the blessed Spirit, and provoked him to depart for a season. But he who, I trust, loved me from the beginning, brought me back in the old *covenant* way, and a blessed way it is! The rod and stripes are within those provisions by which the people of God are kept through his power from final apostasy and ruin.

"January 2, 1831. Almost two years since the last record! How astonishing the flight of time! It seems scarcely one fourth of it. I am no longer a babe of days, but a professor of nearly ten years standing. In looking back through that period, I see much of God's goodness. His mercies have been new every evening, and repeated every morning. I can say, "great has been his faithfulness." Even during the last twelve months, how many instances of his loving kindness and tender favours have we experienced. We have had much sickness, but, except in the case of one infant, no

deaths. The Lord has spared the members of our family, and in regard to the impenitent ones, we feel it a special mercy, for which I here record my unfeigned gratitude. Oh that I could say, I have returned according to the benefits received. Alas! alas! I feel that I have most basely requited my kindest Friend and Benefactor. I have been like a deceitful bow, continually turning aside. The Lord has visited my soul, and then I have promised to be more faithful, and perhaps for a little season have been more diligent in duty; but then I have quickly forgotten my resolution, and again relapsed into my old slothful habits, and thus grieved away the gracious Visitant who is so willing to make my heart his constant abode. Shall my religious course never be more steady?

"I have had greater discoveries of the plague of my own heart, within this year, than I ever had before. But what comfort is it to know our disease, unless we know and *feel* the remedy? I *know* what that remedy is, but I experience so little of its efficacy, that I am sometimes tempted to despair of ever feeling its healing power. My Lord! apply that precious balm, thine own blood. It cleanses from all sin. Oh let me know its virtue.

"I have been sealing my covenant with God again, to day, in the Rev. Dr. Skinner's church. A very sweet, solemn time. During the sermon I felt much love to Christ, in view of his unspeak-

able love to us, and a willingness to bind myself by the strongest obligation to be forever his. It was a profitable communion, and I felt thankful that I had thought of going thither.

"5th. Was at a very solemn meeting last night in the Rev. Dr. M'Auley's church. It was the *second* one of the kind which have been held by a number of ministers for the purpose of stirring up the minds of Christians to prayer and supplication, on account of the lamentable state of religion through this Presbytery, accompanied with humiliating confessions from the clergymen, and earnest exhortations to professors to look well into the state of their own souls. It is, indeed, a day of rebuke: and, if ever, the present time calls for deep humiliation and mourning. Ministers divided—Christians cold, lukewarm, worldly, distracted in opinion, and too divided in feeling—impenitent sinners, secure in their sins, and triumphing, and stumbling over the faults of professing Christians! Oh, surely this is a time for fasting and prayer. Felt inclined to spend to-day in this manner, and was, I think uncommonly assisted in duty.

"Began with my own heart first. Endeavoured to examine it by the law of God. Tried my thoughts, feelings, and conduct, by this holy standard, in regard: 1st. of my duty to God; 2d. to man. I found abundant reason for deep self-abasement, and though I confessed my sin, and tried to be

humbled, yet I am conscious that my feelings of sorrow and self-loathing were inconceivably disproportionate, to what the case demanded. *Such a sinner* as I convicted myself of being, ought to have been in the very *depth*. Took a view also of the sins of our family, their ingratitude under mercies, neglect of privileges, &c. Confessed them, and endeavoured to mourn over them. Likewise of the sins of the church, the scandals recently brought upon the cause, coldness of professors, unbelief, &c. &c.

"Although my exercises were no doubt greatly defective, yet I felt that I was *not* mocking God. My heart was burdened with these things. I think that I sincerely mourned before Him. The duty of fasting never seemed so entirely in place, has seldom proved so profitable. Attended meeting, subject, "Evidences of a close walk with God." Found evidences enough that mine was any thing else than a *close* walk.

8th. "Saturday. In rather a dull frame, I opened the Bible at Mark. Whilst meditating on that miracle,*—the faith that was required of the parent of the child,—I was led to feel, in a deeper manner than I ever did before, the importance of faith, the necessity of faith in

* The miracle referred to is related in Mark ix. 17—30.

prayer. I knelt down and felt that Christ was really, though spiritually, present. Preferred my request and essayed to exercise faith, a belief that he had power, and would grant my requests. One was the poor trembling father's petition, 'Help my unbelief.' Another was for more sanctification. Another, the conversion of dear relatives. Ah me, it is a desperate thing to cast all into the hands of Christ, simply believing. We are hardly aware of the degree of our unbelief, till we make the attempt to obey Christ's word—*only believe.* So I found it. It seems to me that He will answer my prayers. He did, in a manner, answer one. Oh, if my faith were stronger, less mixed, what might not I receive!

"9th. Sunday. Have been endeavouring this evening to answer the question 'Am I a Christian?' by examining myself with the following texts: 1. 'Whoso is born of God doth not commit sin.' 2. 'He that doeth righteousness is righteous.' 3. 'He that is begotten of God loveth him that begat.'

"I decided, first from Scripture and facts, that John did not teach, that to be born of God, meant to be brought into a state of sinless perfection. There can be no other consistent interpretation, than the one which I have heard to day: viz. that a child of God does not wilfully, knowingly, and habitually sin. Found some difficulty with this,

when I recollect how often I loiter away my time, which I know to be sinful.

"Saturday. Being interrupted at the time of writing the above, I am not able now to retrace the process by which I arrived at the conclusion, that though very imperfect and sinful, I was really a child of God. The evening was a profitable one, and left a solemn savour on my mind. I do not find that evidences of a state of grace have any thing like a tendency to exalt or puff me up with pride."

The extracts which have been given from Miss Linnard's diary, were written at different times, through a period of nearly ten years, being almost the whole period of her life after conversion. A remark may be here made, which has probably occurred to the reader who has regularly read these extracts, which is, that there is a very perceptible evidence of an advance, not only in the knowledge of the art of living a holy life, but in the attainment, to a good degree, of a steady, calm, sustaining faith in the promises and merits of the Redeemer, and of her consequent victory, in a considerable measure, over her besetting sins, which so much perplexed her in her early Christian course.

It would, however, be a very imperfect way of ascertaining Miss Linnard's religious character and attainments, to consult only her private diary. For although that is a most important document, yet it

is mainly a record, as has already been remarked, of her short comings in duty, and of her self-abasement before God for them; and it also displays great knowledge of the depravity and deceitfulness of the human heart, deep penitence for sin, and earnest desires after holiness. But if we wish to know her religious character more fully, we must not only contemplate her in the closet, but also in the various relations of busy life. And when examined by both tests, we are sure that her attainments in religion, not simply its theory, if we may so speak—though few persons have a more thorough knowledge of the doctrines of Christianity—but the experienced subordination of the heart and life to its sway, will be considered truly uncommon, and deserving of a holy emulation on the part of every one. It will be acknowledged by her numerous acquaintances and friends in this city, and in other places, that they have known but few persons who have attained to so great a measure of personal religion, so far as it can be ascertained from its fruit in the life and conversation. Not that we would for a moment be understood as saying, that she had attained to perfection, or a state of entire deliverance from sin and its influence on the soul. No; she felt that it was far otherwise, and it was the burden of her distress until the day of her death, that she came so far short of loving and serving God, as she knew it was her duty and privilege to do. And

yet she generally had a very comfortable evidence of her truly loving the Saviour and his cause, and her chief delight was in his service.

But the remark which we chiefly wish to make in this place, respecting the religious character of Miss Linnard, is, that she attained to an uncommon degree of *entireness* or *completeness* of Christian character. By this we mean, that every Christian grace and attribute of character, not only existed in her, but was cultivated to an uncommon degree. This constituted in a great measure the moral beauty of her character. And this is an excellence which is by no means common in the religious world at this day. For if there is any one thing in the church, at this time, in which there is a greater deficiency than in another, it is this, that there is so little completeness of Christian character, or perfection, if any one chooses to use that word, among Christians. Religion does not seem to pervade and influence the *whole* character, and effect the cultivation, *in a proper proportion*, of all the Christian virtues. There is but little *symmetry* of religious character. For instance, what is more common in these days of exertion and excitement, than to see many Christians who are remarkably *zealous*, but not humble, and spiritual in all their conversation,—*liberal*, but not devout,—*active in doing good*, but yet appearing to have little solid piety. And there is so little of true

spirituality, and subordination of the passions and natural feelings of the heart, that many, who profess the Christian name, act so much like the children of this world, that they can scarcely be recognized as the subjects of a heavenly kingdom. It would seem that there is less *depth* of piety and less *holiness* of character, among Christians now, than existed in the churches one hundred and fifty or two hundred years ago. This may be owing, in part, to the style of preaching which now prevails. It is not like that of Owen, and Baxter, and Howe, and Bates, and Charnock, and Elliot, and Edwards, &c. *They* may have gone somewhat to the extreme of labouring *disproportionately* for the edification of believers, to the neglect of enforcing Christian activity. It was, perhaps, unavoidable, considering the then state of the times. *We* are likely to go to the opposite extreme, in preaching, out of proper proportion, to Christians on the duty of Christian effort for the conversion of the world, to the neglect of growth in personal piety. We are not indeed in danger of urging the one duty too much, but of enforcing the other too little.

Now, it was the crowning excellence of the religion of Miss Linnard, that it reached, and shed its hallowed influence on every feature and lineament of her character. She was zealous, but also humble, and meek, and lovely: active abroad, but also incessant in her daily perusal and study of the Word

of God, and in the duties of her closet, at home: indefatigable in her efforts to save others, beginning with her family, and extending her influence as widely as possible, and yet not neglecting her own soul. Cheerful, without levity, holding very rigid views of Christian duty, and the requirements of the Gospel, but not censorious in her judgment of the religious character of others. And in a word, there was, we may say, an *unction*, not only in her conversation, but also in her intercourse with others, which gave the most delightful impression of the reality, and the heavenly character, of her piety.

In reading the extracts which have been given from Miss Linnard's diary, the idea has occurred to the mind of the writer of this book, that there was probably a slight error in her mode of prosecuting the work of self-examination: and yet it exists in a less degree than in the diary of any other person which he has ever read. It is that of looking into the heart, as it were, to see evidences of piety, or gracious exercises and feelings, and at the same time attempting to exclude all other thoughts, and so call forth holy affections, when there is no object presented to the contemplation of the mind to excite them. Now, self-examination is a most important duty, and ought to be frequently performed. It may be a retrospective view of what have been the feelings which predominated in our minds during a given

portion of past time, as far as we can *remember* them. It may also be an examination of the character of our religious feelings at the present time, when, by "spiritual meditation," (as Miss Linnard denominated it, and very properly considered it to be of great importance) we bring some duty or religious object before our minds. In both modes, it is not only a duty, but a most profitable exercise.

The error which I have mentioned above, is very commonly committed by young converts, and is often the occasion of great trouble, perplexity and despondency. Some old English divines have given directions on the subject of self-examination, which appear to have a tendency to lead into this mistake. If we wish to know the character of the feelings of our hearts, we must watch those feelings when the objects, calculated to excite them, if they exist, into activity and conscious exercise; and not attempt, by a simple act of turning the mind in upon itself, endeavour, by this mental inspection, to ascertain the existence, or the character, of affections which cease to be perceptible to us by the very act of calling off the mind from contemplating the objects which alone can excite or call them forth.

The following excellent remarks on this subject are taken from a valuable periodical work.* They are in strict accordance with the true principles of the philosophy of the human mind, and

* The Spirit of the Pilgrims, Vol. 1. pp. 75—77.

consequently, coincide with the experience of every Christian. They are commended to the attention of the reader.

"The existence of religion does not imply the perceived existence, at once, of all the Christian graces. The nature of the mind does not admit of it. The affections can exist only in the view of the proper objects of affection, presented to the heart, through the medium of the understanding. But the understanding can no more, simultaneously, look at as many objects, as there are Christian graces, with such distinct contemplation as is indispensible to emotion, than the eye can pour its concentrated inspection on many objects at the same time. The Christian graces *must*, therefore, be successive in their order, as the mind can only present and inspect in succession, their several objects. Besides, the coexistence of some religious affections is, in their nature, incompatible. How can mourning for sin, and deep prostration of spirit, consist with the elevation and vivacity of joy, and gratitude, and praise. Some of the Christian graces, such as unconditional submission, and repentance for sin, may exist without any apprehension of pardon and personal safety; while, to gratitude and praise for pardon and sanctification, *hope* is indispensable. And yet it is no uncommon thing for the young Christian to sit down, and search his heart, as with a candle, to see if he can find in it at

once, every one of the Christian graces; and, in default of such a discovery, to feel alarmed and disquieted, lest his hope should be vain.

"Nor does the existence of religion enable the Christian to call up at bidding, for his inspection, any particular Christian grace. For the affections do not move at the word of command. They can be produced only by mental attention, bestowed upon the objects of the affections. It is while we muse, that the fire burns. Nothing is more sure to extinguish religious affection, than to make upon the heart a direct demand for it. The heart cannot feel, but as the objects of affection are presented. But, while the understanding is employed in categorical demands of love, repentance, and faith, and in watching and waiting to see if the heart obeys; it is turned off from the glorious objects which can alone inspire affection, and the poor heart becomes motionless and dead, during the cold chills and darkness of the disastrous eclipse. To demand of the heart feeling, that we may inspect and analyze it at pleasure, is, therefore, the most preposterous demand that could be made; and of course, it is always and justly refused. And yet, there are multitudes, who thus torture their hearts with the demand for religious affections, while the only possible means by which the heart can act, are withheld. For the eye may as well be expected to see, in the absence of all objects of vision, as the

heart to feel, in the absence of all the proper objects of religious affection.

"The proper way to examine the heart, is to watch its movements while in action, and almost unsuspicious of the inspection. And the way to call forth the affections, is to turn the mental eye upon God, his works, and word; upon Jesus Christ, his glorious character, his love, his compassion, his sufficiency and willingness to save. And another way to make a holy heart beat perceptibly, is, BY VIGOROUS ACTION FOR GOD. Many Christians, who doubt and fear concerning the existence of spiritual life in their souls, sit down with heavy heart and downcast eye, to feel their own feeble pulse; and while they sit inactive, and almost breathless, to catch the slow and feeble stroke, it always will be feeble; for vigorous action is as indispensable to a vigorous spiritual life, as it is in the animal system, to a vigorous tone. If a man were doubtful whether his vital organs were sound, how would he ascertain the fact? Let him not sit down, to watch with hesitation and fear, the throbbings of the vital organ; but rather do with his might what his hand findeth to do, and action itself will bring its own evidence. The powerful throbbing of the great organ of life will soon convince him that the central energies are in order, by the blush of health, and muscular tone which their powerful action will send through the system. In like man-

ner, let feeble, downcast, doubting Christians shake off their sloth, and rouse up to action. Let them read, and pray, and act for God with all their might, and the spiritual pulsation will rise, and a spiritual vigour will diffuse itself through the soul. If Christians would act for God with more decision, they would not need a microscope to make their graces visible."

If any one supposes, that the great care and watchfulness which Miss Linnard bestowed upon the subject of personal religion, rendered her gloomy in her feelings, he is utterly mistaken. She was almost always cheerful, and even playful, though not foolishly trifling. Indeed, she had a fine flow of spirits, naturally; and as she advanced in the divine life she became more and more habitually sustained by the consolations of religion. She often realized what is meant by the "full assurance of hope." It is true, that she shed many a tear over the remaining corruptions of her heart, and over the deplorable state of poor sinners, whom she saw going down to ruin without heeding the warning given to save them from it. And the distractions, imperfections, apathy, and worldliness of professors of religion caused her daily to go to the throne of grace with a heavy heart, to spread all before the Lord, and implore his merciful interposition.

She was uncommonly fond of natural scenery,

and when on visits to the country, made in quest of her own health, or that of some beloved relative or friend, she richly enjoyed the "works of God," and made them, as they ought ever to be, means of promoting growth in gracious feelings and views. Two or three extracts from her letters will fully confirm this assertion, as well as close this chapter.

The first was written from Harford County, in Maryland, and is as follows:

"My dear Sister,—I had so much to say the last time I wrote, that I quite forgot to tell you to write to me soon, and let me known how much longer you wish me to stay. Before I came to Harford I felt as if the shortest possible time was quite long enough for my inclination. But since I have come here, I feel so differently, that I need some inducement to take me home.

"R—— has four horses; two are used exclusively in the carriage, and the other two are very easy-going creatures, and when not employed on the farm, are at my command. So that I have almost as often as I wish, an opportunity of enjoying my favourite exercise, riding on horseback. The rides around "*Mount Adams*," are really beautiful. The country is hilly and well wooded, and at some points affords as fine prospects as I think I have ever seen. The morning of yesterday was so rainy that we could not go to the Presbyterian church; but in the afternoon we went to a meeting

at ——, about four miles distant. The preaching was nothing extraordinary. Yet, after being so much debarred the pleasure of attending a place of worship, as I have been for some time, it seemed delightful to hear the sound of the Gospel from any lips, and to join once more with his people in the worship of God.

"We all rode home in silence, enjoying the pleasant feelings which the exercises in which we had been engaged, and the lovely prospect before us, excited. The meeting house is situated on the highest point of ground for several miles around. And as we descended from this Mount Zion, the country in all its beauty, revived and freshened by the morning showers, stretched before us. The river on our right, and the village, or rather hamlet, for it is nothing more, and the succession of gentle hills and dales, spotted here and there with farm houses, woods and yellow fields, formed as interesting and lovely a landscape as I have seen for some time."

The second extract is from a letter written on a visit to the "Pines" in New Jersey, for a sister's health, and is dated July 14th, 1825. It is addressed to her youngest sister, and displays, what was habitual with her, a very lively and playful disposition, united with a fine imagination, and a truly spiritual state of the affections.

"We are in the Pines, dear K. and I wish you

were here a little while, and I would take you to a window and bid you extend your furthest view, and you should see nothing but a few poor fields which the art of man can never enrich, skirted by a low forest of pines. I would take you to another, and you should look up and down and around, and the same dull prospect should meet your eye; or with some such exception as this; that to the south, the dark, thickly matted, trees of a cedar swamp may be seen beyond some thinly scattered pines. Before the door runs a heavy, sandy road, that whitens and glares in the sun, and so solitary, that not a carriage, horse, or traveller, save one labouring man, has passed since we have been here.

"We board with a family of the name of P——. The man *can* read, but 'don't;' the woman says she *would*, but 'can't.' The rest of the family are a 'help,' that sits and sews, or sleeps, or any thing else; whilst Mrs. P—— bustles, and heats and fatigues herself, doing the work; a woman hired to spin; and a little grand child, and, a part of the time, a son who assists in farming. All ignorant, and I would say perfectly uninteresting, but their very ignorance makes them objects of so much the deeper interest. Alas, it is not of human science only that they are ignorant, but of the things that belong to their everlasting peace. They have no Bible, and never go to a place of

worship, though there is one within three miles distance. So much for the "Pines."

"I have not enjoyed many *sun-sets* since I left home. Last night, however, I had a rich treat, in as beautiful a sky, I think, as nature's pencil ever painted. Towards the east, the dark clouds, in large broken masses, lay piled upon one another; whilst above them rose hills of yellow flame that seemed to throw a soft light all over the rocks below. Farther along, some were of a dark red colour, and appeared to shine through a thin misty veil; still farther south, there were others, that looked like heaps of drifted snow, driven by the wind along the sides of some dark mountain. In the west, the sun lay buried beneath an even bank of deep blue. Above, long, narrow islands of dark gray, sailed round; while higher, quite in the upper sky, the light clouds, blown into fanciful forms, and of delicate saffron, floated peacefully on the clear blue air. I cannot describe it to you; it was too sublimely grand for my pen to reach. I stood till near dark, at a distance from the house, gazing at the glorious scene, with inexpressible pleasure, thankful that my Creator, when he gave me being, did not deprive me of sight; and more thankful, that He has given me a disposition to rise, from observing nature, to nature's God. I would be a Christian, were it but to possess a Christian's eyes: to have that pure and holy plea-

sure which the mind enjoys, that through all His works can see and feel, a present God: that every where can perceive the "shining foot-prints of His Deity." They who can say, "My Father made them all," know an enjoyment which the worldling, however refined and intellectual he may be, can never reach."

PART IV.

HER CHARACTER AS A DAUGHTER, SISTER, MORE REMOTE RELATIVE, AND FRIEND.

And they took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus.—*Acts* iv. 13.

In the last chapter some account was given of the religious character of Miss Linnard: in this it is proposed to contemplate her in the various relations of a daughter, a sister, a more remote relative, and a friend. Of her conduct in each of these relations, we shall speak somewhat in detail, and in their natural order.

And here it may be remarked, that this is a part of this memoir which ought to excite a very high degree of interest, both from the importance of the subject, and the uncommon excellence of the character of Miss Linnard's piety in this particular respect.

It is a matter greatly to be regretted that many professors of religion seem to have no proper conception of the importance of their religion exerting a most salutary and pervading influence throughout the entire circle of the domestic relations and duties. The religion of many who are called Christians, appears to far greater advantage *abroad* than at

home. They manifest much zeal in behalf of those efforts which are of the more public kind; are, it may be, exemplarily constant in their attendance at the church and the lecture room; and are apparently, devout, meek, and benevolent when mingling with their fellow Christians abroad; but yet, at home, are cold in their feelings, allow their unsanctified tempers to manifest themselves at every step; and display little or none of that deep, abiding, holy, heavenly influence of religion which their conduct and appearance, when engaged in the public duties of the church, indicated. That such is a true description of the religion of many professors, at the present time, is obvious. It is a species of religion which does not seem to exert any direct and hallowed influence upon the domestic circle.

Now, whatever may be the reasons assigned for this, they cannot be valid. Real Christianity was designed to influence, in the most blessed manner, all the relations of life. It does, just in proportion to the degree in which it is possessed, produce this effect. It makes all who truly act out its legitimate spirit, fulfil in a better manner all the duties appropriate to all the relations which they sustain in life. It makes those who possess it better parents, better children, better brothers and sisters, and better friends and neighbours,—far better than they were before they experienced its power. And in thousands of cases, the exemplary, serious,

and lovely deportment of one truly pious member of a family leads, under God's blessing, in the process of time, to the conversion of many, if not of all the members of it. And it may be taken as an established truth, that religion, wherever it truly exists, will produce a great and happy influence upon all, as a general thing, who are brought within its sphere.

This was undoubtedly the character of the religion of Miss Linnard. Those who knew her most intimately had the highest opinion of her piety. It is believed there is not a relative, whether of her immediate family, or of a more remote connexion, who had not the most decided belief, that she was a sincere Christian. She enjoyed the unbounded respect of all the family circle in which she moved, and, indeed, the whole circle of her acquaintance. It was a respect which partook largely of the nature of veneration, as well as of the purest affection. Such was the exemplary, holy, affectionate, meek, gentle, lovely example portrayed in her conduct and conversation, that her life was a living epistle of the power and excellence of the religion of Jesus Christ, in whose footsteps she humbly attempted to walk.

Her filial piety. It is one of the most appalling proofs of the depravity of human nature, that, all the world over, where the religion of Christ has not established its throne, the tenderest relations of

life are prostrated and almost sundered, and children grow up "without natural affection." And no species of false religion provides any remedy for this most deplorable evil. But it is one of the brightest glories in the crown of Christianity, that it "turns the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers;" reinstates and establishes the sacred ties of kindred in their proper place; and unites together the members of the family circle in the bonds of love.

At a very early period of her life, Miss Linnard lost her excellent mother. But she had the duty and privilege of honouring and rendering comfortable and happy, an aged father, who still survives. And no one ever, probably, fulfilled the duties of a daughter with a heart more influenced by true filial affection, than she did after her conversion. She had always, before that event, manifested great respect for her father. But when she experienced the power of the grace of God in the renovation of her heart, the principle of filial love received a degree of strength, tenderness, and depth, which nothing but the religion of Jesus can create. From that time, until the day of her death, she was one of the most remarkable specimens of the beauty and loveliness of Christianity. No service that she could render for the comfort of her aged and, in the latter period of her life, very infirm father, was left unperformed. In these services she cheerfully co-opera-

ted with her sisters, who, with her, felt it to be an honour to do all that they could for his happiness.

Many facts of the most interesting character might be stated to prove this, if it were proper to invade the sacred privacy of the domestic circle. Only one shall be mentioned. It is this. During a highly interesting protracted meeting in the Rev. Dr. S.'s church, in the winter of 1831—32, the writer of this memoir accompanied her home, from one of the evening meetings, long before its close. On the way, she stated, by way of apology for leaving the meeting at that early hour "that she had for some time been in the habit of returning home as soon as possible after nine o'clock; that her aged father had long suffered from a distressing debility in his feet and ancles; and that it was her practice to be at home at that hour, in order that she might bathe, rub, and bandage his feet, and see that he retired to rest comfortably." This duty, it may be added, she performed, morning and evening, until the failure of her own health rendered her unable to perform it. Frequently a whole hour was devoted to this filial service, and with as much alacrity as she ever attempted any other duty. And what, it might be asked, could be a more interesting spectacle, than to behold a highly accomplished and lovely woman, daily and cheerfully, for years, rendering such acts of filial

piety, sustaining the infirmities and soothing the sorrows of a parent's old age? If there is any thing lovely and cheering in this sinful and wretched world, it is such an exhibition.

Her character as a sister. In this tender relation, her conduct was of the same excellent character as in that which has been just described. Her whole intercourse with her brothers and sisters was endeared, exalted, and sanctified by her elevated attainments in religion. She was eminently *faithful* to their souls, as all of them will testify. Her conversations with them on the subject of personal religion, were frequent and close. Such was her affection for them, that she could not endure the idea of an eternal separation from any one of them. Two of her sisters were called away by death, before she was. Their cases have already been mentioned. One of them, Susan, died before Anna had become a Christian. The other, Mary, died in the year 1826. Her end was emphatically peaceful. She had ever, after conversion, been an humble, timid, doubting, but conscientious follower of the Lamb. But her death was triumphant, and full of comfort to her friends. To both of these sisters, the subject of this memoir was greatly attached, and for the assured happiness of both she felt deep solicitude, though under very different circumstances. Nor was her interest less in her three sisters who remain, and who have for several

years been members of the church of Christ. For her two brothers, both highly respected in life, she entertained, and always displayed in a becoming manner, an ardent affection, united with great Christian faithfulness. She had the pleasure of seeing one of them become a member of the church several years before her death. For the other, as well as a beloved brother-in-law, she had the strongest desires that God would make them heirs of eternal life, and to her latest breath, offered up her fervent prayers for their salvation,—prayers which, it is hoped, will not be in vain. It may be added, that such was her whole life, and such her conversation—so cheerful, pleasant, affectionate, yet consistent and spiritual—that she possessed the sincere affection and profound regard of all the members of her family, whether professors of religion or not.

Her character as a more remote relative. This was precisely similar to what we have just described as having been exhibited in the narrower domestic circle. She was beloved by every relative that knew her. And her hallowed influence extended, it is believed, in a good degree, to the remotest circles of her kindred. By her conversations, by her *letters*, enforced, as all she said was, by her holy example, she exerted a most happy influence far and wide. Many facts might be mentioned to show how great was the esteem in which she was held by her relatives; her Christian fidelity towards them; and

the happy fruits of it. To a very near and dear relative she often spoke respecting the great importance of religion. He was a gay young man, immersed in business, and greatly exposed to temptation. Her conversations, prayers, and letters, made happy impressions on his mind, which it may be hoped, will issue in his conversion. When about, not long since, to embark on a distant voyage, he took with him the Bible which she had given him, and a most excellent letter which she had written to him, declaring that he could not think of going to sea without them.

The letters which she addressed to her relatives were admirable. One of them is inserted as a specimen. It was written to two nephews of hers who were then at a classical Academy at Baskingridge, N. J., under the tuition of the Rev. Dr. Brownlee. It is as follows:

Philadelphia, Friday, July, 1822.

"My dear boys,—I have risen a little earlier from my bed this morning, to write a few lines to you, in consequence of some intelligence which I received last evening, that affected me very much. I allude to the revival of religion in your neighbourhood. Since I have heard of the attention to religion at Somerville, my most anxious hopes have been for Baskingridge, and it has been my fervent prayer, that God would not pass it by, but

that he would not only visit it, but your school, and *your* own souls, with his awakening influence. I returned a few days ago from Bucks county, where, in Mr. Belville's school, six or eight of the boys, some older, and some *younger* than you, Thomas, have become hopefully pious. Not many nights ago, standing under the window of the school house where several of them had assembled, I heard a dear little boy of ten years of age, pleading in prayer for his careless father and mother.

This is certainly a very important and interesting time, and I do beseech you, not to let it pass unimproved. The opportunities you *now* have, may never again return; the offers of mercy that are *now* made, may be the last that will ever be tendered. O, slight them not, but *now* secure that "good part which shall never be taken away." Perhaps you say, "you are as good as others," or that you are "no *worse* than other boys," but that will not stand you in stead; don't compare yourselves with others, but think how you appear in the sight of that Being, in whose eyes it is said, "the heavens are not clean, and who chargeth the angels with folly,"—expressions that are used, to convey an idea, of the infinite purity, and holiness of His character. It is true, God has, by the restraints of education and of grace, kept you from those dreadful outbreakings of sin, which others have been left to commit: but do you think it is

because you are, by nature, better than they ? by no means ; St. Paul says, "the carnal mind," which means the natural heart, the unchanged heart, "*is enmity against God*, and is not subject to his law, nor can be ;" and I think, young as you are, you cannot but be conscious, that you have hearts which do need purifying, wills, that must be subdued, and passions and dispositions, which the grace of God only can change. Besides these heart-evils, you know, my dear boys, you have been guilty of a great many things which you knew and felt to be exceedingly wrong ; you have broken God's law repeatedly, (O could you but realize, what it is to break the *law of God*, surely it would fill you with terror and distress, and lead you to cry, with the jailor in the Bible, "what shall I do to be saved ?") —you have violated his Sabbaths—profaned his name, and—but I leave it to your own conscience to tell you what you have done—*that*, unless seared, will prove a more faithful monitor, than I possibly could be. I do not wish to hurt the feelings of either of you, I feel very anxious for you, and the reason I tell you these things, is, because I know you must be made sensible, that you are sinners, that you need the precious blood of Christ to cleanse you, or you will never make application to it. People, when they think they are well, will not send for a physician ; so with you, I want you to *feel* that you are in danger, that you require a

physician, even the great Physician of souls. If your minds are in any measure impressed with the necessity of religion, O, cherish the impression, beware how you act, lest it should leave you. I will relate a circumstance which was mentioned in my presence by a clergyman, which will convince you of the danger of losing serious impressions; During a time of revival in a literary institution, one of the students became very anxious for his soul's concerns, and desirous to know what he must do to be saved; he however trifled with his impressions, and after a while they wore off, and he became more careless, and more hardened than ever; he left the institution, and settled in life, was a man of talents, respected by the world, and very prosperous: twenty years afterwards, he met with an old classmate, one who had become truly pious, and was then a minister of the Gospel; after some conversation, his friend asked him, what was the state of his soul? He replied with tears in his eyes, that he looked back to the revival in ——, as the time when he lost his soul. Lost his soul! O, for a moment consider, lost his soul!! "What will it profit a man if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" You remember who it was that asked this question, one who knew the value of the soul, who to redeem it, left his throne of glory, veiled his Godhead by wearing our nature, and *suffered and died upon the cross.*

Can you, then, my dear nephews, trifle with the concerns of that which cost him so much? O, act not so unwisely, secure an interest in him now, "now while it is called to-day, harden not your hearts." Search the Scriptures; not read them in a formal way as you would a school-book, but with a desire to be benefitted by them; ask the influence of the Holy Spirit (promised by our Saviour to them that seek it) to enlighten your minds, and to awaken your consciences, and to renew your hearts. I wish to urge upon you this latter duty of prayer: prayer is not religion, it is true, yet there is no religion without prayer. If you desire an interest in Christ, you must pray, and that often. Do not be ashamed of religion, even should you be laughed at, or ridiculed; to attend to it is your highest wisdom, and to possess it, will be your greatest happiness, both in this world and in that which is to come. Our friends are all well. I wish you to read this letter with attention, and I pray that God would make it useful to you. Write to me freely, just as you would converse if I were present, or as you would to one of your school-mates: you will find me quite as willing to overlook deficiencies—but good night. Your affectionate aunt

ANNA.

Her character as a friend. From what has been said of Miss Linnard as a daughter, a sister, and a more remote relative, it might be inferred, that her character, as a *friend* was equally excellent. It was truly so. The influence which she exerted over a very large circle of friends and acquaintances, was of the most happy and beneficial nature. Her exemplary conduct, her devoted piety, her cheerful and buoyant spirits, her meek and gentle manners, united with a determination to serve God faithfully in all circumstances, rendered her influence salutary to a very high degree. To *profit*, as well as to gratify and please, was the noble motto which characterized all her social intercourse. Wherever she went, it seemed to be her great object to do and to obtain good. In all sorts of company she seemed to be on her guard, to do or say as little as possible which would not be for the honour of God. And it is believed, that there are few, if indeed any, whose conduct and conversation, do more habitually adorn the profession of the Gospel. Although the author of this memoir knew her well for several years, he does not recollect having heard her say a syllable that was calculated to injure the character, or impede, the usefulness of any one. Amidst all the unhappy disputes growing out of the divisions which have agitatedthe churches belonging to the denomination of Christians, to which she was attached, he never heard her make a remark concern-

ing any one which was contrary to the scriptural rule of charity. She had her opinions, most certainly, and decidedly, respecting the measures and the course pursued by individuals, and there were many things which she disapproved. But when she spoke of those proceedings which she did not approve, she always did it with charity, in meekness, using no harsh epithets, calling in question no one's piety, or honesty of intention. Indeed, she was remarkably free from censoriousness, and seemed always to have a heart to overlook the faults of others, speak little of them; and to pity, and pray for those who erred. How greatly it would be for the peace, happiness, and prosperity of the church, if her spirit, or rather that of her blessed Master, were universal!

The following extracts from a memorandum which she made of the topics upon which she had resolved to examine herself, during a day of fasting and prayer, will show how conscientiously she cultivated the relative duties of life.

"I resolve to set this day apart for serious self-examination, humiliation, fasting, and prayer. And to aid me in this work, I will consider, first, my conduct towards man, in the several relations of life.

"To my parent,—have I been a dutiful child, giving that honour and respect which are due? Have I manifested at all times a proper temper of submission and affection, seeking his eternal interests by

all proper, suitable means? Do I seek his comfort, and attend cheerfully to his wants?

"Am I kind and affectionate to my brothers and sisters, not engaging in bickerings or disputes, but living peaceably, giving up my own will or pleasure for their benefit?

"To children;* do I govern them in love? Do I set an example of meekness, or do I bear with them patiently, instruct them in religion and virtue, praying with and for them?

"What do I as a neighbour? Is my neighbourhood benefitted by me in any way? Am I kind; do I set a good example? What do I for their salvation? Am I of any use in my connexions?

"What has become of several resolutions made in time past? And what is my progress in divine things? Do I grow in humility? Have I advanced any in self-knowledge? Do I gain any mastery over my besetting sins? Am I more self-denied? Under what regulations are my passions? Am I subject to their control, or do I in any degree command them? Am I diligent in business? Do I improve my time? Do I strive against sloth?"

She corresponded by letter, more or less, with many friends. She considered it an excellent means of doing good. How greatly it is to be de-

* Referring to the children of her sister and her two brothers, which were often, and some of them for weeks, at their grandfather's.

sired, that the same opinion were held and acted upon by all who can write. Scarcely a day passes, a part of which, even if it be but a few minutes, might not be spent in writing a few lines which, under the blessing of God, might benefit some distant friend or acquaintance. How important it is that all should strive to arrive at such a degree of diligence in the service of God, as to act upon the principle of employing every talent, and devoting every hour to the advancement of His glory and the best interests of their fellow men!

This chapter will be closed with extracts from a few of Miss Linnard's letters, addressed to various individuals, with whom she was intimately acquainted. From them will be perceived the spirit which pervaded her entire correspondence, after she became a Christian.

To Miss C. M'K. of C——, Pa.

Philadelphia, June, 1821.

You have had letters, I suppose, lately from Philadelphia, and no doubt you have been rejoiced at the good news you have heard; the Lord is doing something for us, and I trust is about to do still more, in the conviction, and conversion of sinners. In many parts of the city, there is a very great attention to the things of religion, and in Doctor E's. congregation in particular, forty eight came forward at the last communion, and I

understand a great many are under deep exercise of mind at present. John, Eliza, and Ann M'C——, were among the former. In our congregation, there are a few mercy drops descending, and the hopes of our dear pastor, and his people, are excited, and their prayers increased, that the Lord would send to us a refreshing season from on high. Our last communion was a very solemn one to me. Will it not gladden your heart, that your friend, unworthy as she is, was admitted to a seat at the table of the Lord? Pray for me, dear C——e, that I may be enabled to adorn the doctrine which I have professed, and to walk worthy of that high vocation, to which I sometimes hope I have been called. Should that hope prove delusive, and I have been building on any other foundation than the Lord Jesus Christ, how great will be my condemnation. Oh, we have all reason to cry "search thou me, and try me, and prove my ways." If I know myself, I desire to be, if deceived, undeceived ere it be forever too late.

I must not omit to mention, that sister E— also came forward, and I trust it will not be a great while before Mr. H—— will see his way clear, in joining the professed disciples of Jesus.

During the course of last year, it was a subject of remark to some, the singular afflictions our family, through every branch, experienced. But

then, I saw not the hand that chastised, and the serious impressions, if such they might be called, which death awakened, were but of short duration; and though the blow was, and must ever be, most keenly felt, yet the improvement was lost. Not so with Mary, she had long been seeking, and shortly after the death of Mrs. M'M—— made a profession. Truly, the Lord is long suffering, patient, and full of loving kindness.

To Miss M'K. of C——, Pa.

Philadelphia, Feb. 1, 1822.

However pleasant H—— may be, I am not surprised that you look back on C—— with regret; there is something so painful in leaving the abode of our childhood, endeared by time, and all those associations which we delight to connect with that happy period. And "in truth it was a sweet spot." Often in memory I retrace our walks along the shore, when we watched the sun descending in all his glory, tinging the clouds with such bright hues, and found our language too poor to express half the beauties of the scene. I think I never enjoyed nature as I did in C——, her forms were varied there from what I had been accustomed to see; used to the flat and insipid country around Philadelphia, your wood-crowned hills, and beautiful river with all its romantic views, were novelties to me. But those pleasant

days are gone, to join "the years beyond the flood." You have, no doubt, advantages in H—— which in C—— you had not, I allude particularly to Christian society, as I am informed religion flourishes very much where you now are; in C—— you seemed much alone, in that respect, there appeared at *that time*, to be few to join hand in hand with you, in promoting the Redeemer's cause and glory. Now, I suppose you have many of your own age and sex, with whom you take sweet counsel together on the "things of religion." Your pastor and his wife I feel quite desirous of seeing; of him, uncle R——'s family gave us an exalted character, and of her, I have heard a friend of ours, a young clergyman, say, she most resembled "Milton's Eve" of all the women he had ever seen. You may remember in my last letter, I mentioned the hopes that were entertained of a revival of religion amongst us: those hopes, so fondly indulged, have not been as yet realized; coldness, deadness, and formality, seem to prevail among the churches almost universally; "because iniquity abounds, the love of many waxes cold," at a time when the active exertions, and fervent supplications of Christians are most needed. Folly, dissipation, and infidelity, instead of being on the decrease, have been gaining ground: the fashionable world has never been known so gay as at this season, and the old, almost extinct,

Universalist church, never so much crowded. They have got a minister who, to Universalist, joins the Unitarian principles, and is exceedingly active in disseminating his dangerous doctrine, and drawing multitudes astray. You will perhaps think that we have indeed deserved the severe chastisement we have received.* O that it might be more felt as *such*, and more improved. It was truly a remarkable providence, and when the tale, in all its aggravated horror was told, the question seemed almost involuntarily to arise, "Lord, why is this?" But the answer was as ready, "shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" Much feeling has been excited, and many exertions made, and it is supposed that the pecuniary loss will be much more than made up, and the surviving orphans more comfortably housed than ever. I do not enter into a detail of the agonizing circumstances, as I conclude you have heard all that can be known.

To Miss M'K. of C——, Pa.

July 18, 1822.

I have been very much pleased with my little jaunt to N———; the pure air, the lovely prospects of gently swelling hills and dales, woods and fields, were all sources of enjoyment; but what excited most interest, and gave greatest pleasure,

* Alluding to the destruction of the Orphan Asylum by fire

was the attention to religion which existed there. I do not know whether the name of N—— is familiar to you; but if you will task your memory for a moment, you will recollect a circumstance which adds some interest to it; I mean its being the residence of old Mr. Tennent, and, if I mistake not, the birthplace of his more celebrated son. The Presbyterian church is, I think, in as beautiful a situation as I have ever seen; it is on the banks of the N——— creek, over which a rustic bridge is thrown, which as you approach, is half hid by the noble sycamore and willow trees that fringe its edge. It is under the pastoral care of Rev. Mr. B—. You will, with me, consider it a privilege to witness the reviving and awakening influences of the Spirit in the souls of men, stirring up and refreshing the christian, and arousing the careless sinner, to an anxious inquiry of what he must do to be saved: of the latter class I suppose there were nearly a hundred; between forty and fifty of whom, before I left N———, professed to have submitted to the righteousness of Christ, and some more rejoicing in the hope of the Gospel. The meetings were very frequent, but solemn and perfectly still, nothing like enthusiasm or excitement of animal feeling was visible at any one of all I attended. In Mr. B——'s school, six or more of the boys, some as young as ten years, it is hoped, have become the subjects of renewing grace. In these latter days, how often we have occasion to

repeat, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."

I wrote a long letter to W—— S——, which I suppose he did not relish much. I am somewhat at a loss to know exactly what line to pursue: I feel attached to W., and unwilling to excite his disgust, and perhaps dislike, by obtruding the subject of religion upon him; and yet it appears to me clearly to be a duty to write plainly and faithfully to him, on the momentous concerns of eternity, even at such a risk.

If we ourselves could feel the importance of eternal things, and the value of the never-dying soul, Oh, how should we rise superior to those grovelling fears of wounding and displeasing our fellow men! But, alas, alas! how little do we realize! For myself, I am often astonished at my own insensibility, when I see many of my friends and acquaintances, that I can have no reason to suppose, are interested in the blessings of the "Covenant," and yet feel so little anxiety in their behalf. I remember an observation of Baxter's that struck me very forcibly. Speaking of the indifference manifested by christians for the condition of sinners, and the little exertion made by them, he says, in his own peculiar manner, "No thanks to *us* if heaven be not empty," and we do act, as if we thought, if we but get there ourselves, the world may perish!

To Miss M'K. of C——, Pa.

Philadelphia, September, 1822.

I have been reading to day a little book lent me by Mr. E——, that I have been very much pleased with—the "Christian Soldier, or heaven taken by storm." It is written in the old-fashioned style, by Thomas Watson, one of the non-conforming divines of Charles II's time. If you have never read it, I think you would be pleased with it; there is a great deal of quaintness, and sometimes a coarseness in his manner of expressing himself, but, as in many of the works of the old writers, there is a vigour and originality of thought, which more than compensate for the peculiarities of style.

Ah me, how little do christians of the present day seem to know of this warfare! We act as if we thought heaven was to be gained on easier terms than formerly—as though our enemies were all subdued, and we had nothing to do but take our rest. How cold and lifeless are we in our Master's service! How little engaged in his cause! How little engaged, either for our own souls, or the souls of others.

The salvation of the Redeemer's people was dearly purchased; it cost Him tears, and agonies, and blood. "We have not been bought with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ;" and this consideration

ought to excite us to more energy and zeal in his dear cause. We ought to strive after greater holiness of life, and more conformity to his blessed image —to be crucified unto the world, and to have the world crucified unto us. Let us, my dear cousin, stir up one another to enter upon this heavenly warfare, remembering who has said, "My grace shall be sufficient for thee," and "To him that *overcometh* I will give a crown of life."

Our family has not passed this summer without some gentle chastisement from our Father's hand. He has corrected us, but it has been in mercy, less than our deserts, and less than our expectations. I allude to the illness of Mr. H———; he was brought to the very brink of the eternal world, and when almost all hope was over, he was raised again, in answer, I believe, to the many prayers that were offered from many closets, as well as in the church. He is now much better, I think, than he has been for many months.

To Miss C. M'K. of C——, Pa.

Philadelphia, April 15, 1823.

Dear C———, So much for dress. Alas what care, what expense, what time is spent, by more than half the world, in clothing and adorning these poor frail bodies, while the everlasting interests of the soul are either entirely neglected, or at best, occupy but very little thought or attention. If we

could but have realizing views of eternity, and could, with the eye of faith, see things invisible to sense, as present, how little would it concern us, of what the robe which covered our bodies, was composed. We should then, indeed, "take no thought wherewithal we should be clothed," save with that "meek and quiet spirit which is, in the sight of God, of great price." But O, how trifling and grovelling are the pursuits, even of Christians! A Christian! one, whose privilege it is to soar above this world, through regions of immortality, whose professed home is heaven—God's glory his aim! How ought a Christian to live! I once met with an idea that struck me as forcible: speaking of the pursuits of Christians, the writer asked, what would be thought of the man who was travelling to a far country, to receive the inheritance of a great kingdom—where honour, glory, and power, awaited him—who should be seen to stop at every step to gather chips and pebbles?

Dear C——, let *us* seek to live above this vain, dying world, to crucify it, and be crucified unto it, to deny ourselves, and bear the cross, always keeping in mind that solemn saying of our Lord, "whosoever doth not deny himself, and bear his cross, *cannot* be my disciple." The conflict will soon be over with us: a little more striving and praying, a little more sighing and sorrow, and then, when this mortal shall have put on immortality, "O,

how sweet will be the conqueror's song." If our names are indeed written in the Lamb's book of life, what a delightful hope is ours—*to be ever with the Lord*—to behold his glory, and to be made like him, to join that blessed company of glorified spirits, "who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," "who cast their crowns at His feet, and ascribe glory, dominion, and praise, to Him who hath loved them and given himself for them." I feel as though I could dwell long on such a heavenly subject, but I must return again to earth.

ANNA.

To MISS C. M'K. OF C——, PA.

Philadelphia, Dec. 8th, 1825.

We were just beginning to ask, 'how are our C———'s fingers employed,' when your welcome letter answered all our inquiries, and renewed, for a few moments, our pleasant intercourse. But for a *few moments*—though by reading the lines over again, we prolonged a little the pleasure. If you and I could settle some such correspondence as I have often fancied, and our thoughts, a sort of winged messengers, could be carried from one to the other, we could willingly dispense with the trammels of a formal communication: the pen which I believe, we both equally dislike, as far as we were concerned, might then remain dry in the

ink-stand; and our mental epistles, free, and unrestrained, and frequent, might make us almost forget we were separated. But we are still in the body, and must be content to use those means which Providence has given us, as the most suitable, and best fitted to our present place and condition. How mysterious appears to us, who are creatures of sense, flesh, and blood, that mode of communication which spiritual beings possess! We must believe that these eyes are not necessary to seeing, and ears to hearing, or that these heavy limbs are essential to motion; for we feel, that a living soul within looks out at these windows, and hears through these organs, and moves and governs these bodies. Yet how the viewless spirit, when separated from its clay, can make known its thoughts, and utter its feelings, we cannot now conceive. O, how little do we know of the unseen world, of the nature of our future being and employment; and still, with the gleam of light the gospel throws, how dark is all beyond the verge of mortality, and but for the cheering hope of being, when absent from the body, present with the Lord, how wretched would the prospect appear! *Here*, our curious speculations and inquiries cannot be satisfied; that bourne to which we are all travelling, is one from which none return to tell its secrets, and He who orders our destinies, has not seen fit to dissipate that deep obscurity, and permit our eager vision

to penetrate within. In the midst of all our darkness, doubts, and fears, how gracious are those words on which our humble faith may confidently rely, "Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me, be with me that they may behold my glory."

To Mrs. A. M. J. of W———, Del.

Philadelphia, Sept. 22d, 1828.

My dear Mrs. J——, Often, very often, have I got so far on in a letter to you, but have concluded, that amidst the multiplied duties that claimed your attention, my correspondence would be an unreasonable tax upon your time. I felt conscious, too, that I had nothing interesting to communicate, either in my own experience, or in the state of the church around me. I could not tell you of fresh conquests that I had gained over Satan, the world, and the flesh; nor call on you to rejoice with me over the inroads that had been made in the enemy's kingdom; the trophies won; the number of captives taken from the destroyer; and the ransomed ones returning with songs and everlasting rejoicing upon their heads. Though I could have excited your *sympathy*, I could have asked your prayers for Zion, sitting degraded and afflicted in the dust, the love of her friends waxing cold, and her watchmen and defenders asleep—I could, but have not

done it—my pen has been laid aside, and I have thus been deprived of the counsels, the exhortations, nay, the rebukes which I have so much needed.

And now I have resumed my pen, to ask you to come and try to do *us some good.* Come, and rouse our sleeping spirits; come, and stir us up to duty; urge upon us our obligation, and by your warmth, kindle anew the almost extinguished sparks that lie covered in our bosoms. What shall I say more? I have deferred writing till I have left time to say but little. Come, and you shall have a chamber as large, at least, as the Shunammite's, and a "table, and a bed, and a stool, and a candlestick," and you shall turn in, with as uninterrupted freedom as the Prophet did into his; you shall meet at this interesting season,* many of the wise and excellent of the earth, and shall doubtless have your heart warmed with hearing of the Lord's doings for Zion, and your zeal enlivened, and your faith increased and strengthened. Come, then, and confer a great pleasure, and possibly a lasting benefit upon *us.* But you do not need further persuasion; I feel persuaded that you *cannot* say us "Nay," and shall therefore *expect* you, till you write *that*

* Referring to the Annual Meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, which met that year at Philadelphia.

duty will not permit you to leave your important station at home.

We have heard of the affliction in Mrs. S——'s family, and sympathize with them in the melancholy bereavement. Remember us affectionately to them, to Mrs. G——, &c. and to the members of your own dear family.

Sister M. has been urging me to write, for a week past, and is now impatient that I should close with her love to yourself, and a reiteration of all that I have said.

Most sincerely yours, though in haste,

ANNA J. LINNARD.

To Miss J. C. of Philadelphia.

W——, Aug. 24, 1829.

Will you, my very dear J——, think I am trespassing too much on your kindness, if I ask you to teach my class one Sabbath more? I am spending my time so pleasantly, and I would think, profitably, and as I have no engagement at home to prevent my longer stay, except my class, I have almost yielded to Mrs. J's. solicitations to spend next week with her. I have, however, furnished myself with so little work, that if I stay I shall be quite unoccupied: can you not supply me?

I wish I had something pleasant to tell you about W—. Alas! what a melancholy contrast

does the present state of things afford to what we found here two years ago; then, crowded houses, solemn countenances, anxious sinners—now, a thin, scattered congregation, listless hearers, and stupid souls. Their new church is a beautiful, neat building, but the fire on the altar burns dimly, and the glory of the Lord has gone up from the cherubim.

Oh why, why must it be so? Or is there any necessity in the case? I think not. It appears to me that there is something wrong in the manner of conducting revivals. Meetings are too frequent, the ordinary business of life too much suspended, the minds of persons wrought up to too great a pitch of excitement, to last very long in the same degree, and there is a sort of revulsion of feeling which takes place—neglected business, accumulated, demands the time and attention, and there ensues a more than proportionate degree of coldness and worldliness.

And yet, I would be at a loss to propose a remedy. *Revivals* seem like harvest seasons, when every thing else is laid aside and all hands are employed in gathering in the ripened grain.

There are several things that operate very unfavourably on the church here. The building of the house of worship, the division of the congregation, a debt of some thousands, and the sickness and absence of Mr. G., as also the sickness and

absence of some of their best members, furnish something like extenuating reasons for their present condition. The young gentleman who supplies the pulpit, Mr. H., is of Mr. F's. school, engaged and zealous,—but without any of his abrupt manner—serious and sensible in the desk, and courteous and agreeable in private. He gave us two excellent sermons yesterday, well adapted to excite thought and feeling in both saint and sinner, from the texts, "Comfort ye my people," and "There is no *peace*, saith my God, to the *wicked*."

I spent the afternoon in my chamber, and, with my Bible, enjoyed a very pleasant, and I trust, profitable season of meditation and self-examination. The subject to which my mind turned, was *love*—love, as its nature and effects are described by Paul, and the loving Apostle. Although I could not arrive at the conclusion that God had not implanted a seed of even that divine grace in my heart, yet how deficient did I find myself in that holy, humble, expansive, all-comprehending love, which the Gospel enjoins, and to which it is doubtless our glorious privilege to attain. What an inexpressible beauty did I see in this heavenly affection! How essential to the Christian character! And how did my soul long to be melted, and subdued, and filled with the spirit of love! Oh, dearest J——, let us long, and aspire, and seek more diligently after this

grace. I do not mean perfection, but such love as constrained Paul, and humbled Peter, and endeared John,—love to, and derived from, the infinitely lovely, and blessed Fountain of love. I wish I had commenced where I am ending, for I feel that with love for my subject I could fill my sheet. Although I am standing at a window to catch the last lingering rays of declining day, I must add, what I have often thought, that in our intercourse with each other, we do not sufficiently *aim* at each other's spiritual benefit. I think we should always endeavour, in our every interview, to help one another at least *one step* on our journey, to aid, if it were only in the feeblest degree, in the acquisition of some gracious habit or feeling. Dear J—— I want you to resolve for the future to help me. Whenever we meet, let us each inquire, what can I do to further my friend in her upward progress toward the kingdom? How shall I assist her in maintaining her conflict with sin, and principalities, and powers? Oh what a blessing might we be to each other, if it were thus! How faithful in admonishing, and reproving each other's faults! How would our friendship be sanctified and sweetened, and owned and approved of God! But I must be done. Let it be so dear, very dear, J——. Yours, ANNA.

To Mrs. A. M. J. of W———, Del.

Philadelphia, Saturday Evening.

I am alone this evening, and have been thinking of my dear friends in W———, who are, probably, now taking sweet counsel together, uniting their hearts and voices, and pouring out their souls before their God and mine. Peace be upon my sisters in Christ! The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, be theirs! May they feel to-night how sweet and awful is the place! May he who dwelleth between the cherubim shine forth, and fill their souls with his glory! And may their petitions, winged with faith and love, ascend before the mercy-seat, as a cloud of sweet incense!

O my dear sister, have you been tuning your harps anew, and raising a higher, and still higher note of praise, to Zion's victorious King? I have been ready to sing "Glory" to-night, on hearing of *one* soul bowing to his sceptre; but *you*, O! *you*, what strains should *you* raise! Mr. E—— tells us, that God is still with you, that he is still inspiring your prayers, and granting you the desires of your hearts; that sinners are still waking out of their guilty slumbers, and fleeing from the wrath to come. O, my heart would join with you now, while you are pleading for yet larger blessings, for more abundant manifestations of His glorious power and presence. My anxiety to hear

how the work of the Lord was prospering, has prompted me several times to use my pen, but I have for three weeks past been so unwell, (and am too much so now to go out at night,) that I felt as though I could not sit down to write a letter. A little imprudence in going out on a wet evening, after taking calomel, has deprived me of several pleasant meetings. But enough of the body, you say, how is the *soul?* "Have you as much humility and love as you *want?*" said Mr. E—— to me, yesterday. I told him, No: that in respect to the degree of those graces, I felt like a person at the foot of a towering hill, whose summit was almost beyond his sight. All *I want* of *any* grace is a *measureless amount.*

You ask, perhaps, "Does the revival spirit increase?" I think I can say it *does.* My feelings are very different from what they were when with you; I am more absorbed—more intensely anxious, more prayerful, and, I think, more believing. For several years, I think, I have often felt, in pleading for my own soul, the Spirit making intercession within, with groanings which could not be uttered; but, now, my own interest, or the interests of my friends, seem to have but a small proportion of my prayers—it is for *Zion's* sake I cannot hold my peace, for *Jerusalem's* sake I cannot be silent.

I had written thus, my beloved sister, when I was interrupted. I was about to tell you of our

brightening prospects—of our increasing hopes—how our pastor was roused, and how a few christians were beginning to burnish their lamps, and how careless sinners were beginning to look around them; but the precious Sabbath has intervened, and my thoughts and feelings have been drawn into a somewhat different current. Charles Samuel Stewart, and his Harriet, are in town, and have been relating what would move your very soul. O, what views have they given me of Missionary life! Missionary life, connected with a thousand romantic associations, and seen through the medium of a highly excited imagination, or even as exhibited in the beautifully written and interesting journals of Missionaries, is a very different thing from what it is in sober reality. The innumerable difficulties, the petty vexations, the trials of faith, and love, and patience, and even temper, which they describe in conversation, are such as my mind had not even conceived. And yet it seems a glorious path to tread in—to follow through suffering the footsteps of apostles and martyrs, of Schwartz, of Brainerd, of Martyn—like them to live, to labour—even to die for Jesus—O how sweet! What a noble, honourable—what a delightful, employment is it, to win souls to Christ! O, who would not be willing to sacrifice life, and all that is dear in life, for such a glorious object! What are the privation of comforts, the trials, the difficulties,

during a few working-days, to the joy unspeakable of saving souls from death, and of studding an immortal crown with shining jewels! How the thought, as I write, fires my spirit! Dear Mrs. J——, is it wrong to be ambitious here? Is it wrong to grasp, within our soul's enlarged desires, *multitudes* of our ruined, dying fellow men—wrong to long to be ourselves the instruments of their restoration to the life, image, and favour of God? But I am digressing too far; I must bring my piece-meal letter to a close.

Mr. M—— has come to town to labour for the Female Domestic Missionary Society. He called to see me this evening, (Tuesday,) and I took him with me to a meeting at Mr. K———'s house, where I had the pleasure of hearing your friend H——, and my friend, for I call him so, because I like him very much, and also Mr. M——. The rooms were crowded,—there were, no doubt, upwards of one hundred people. We have had such meetings, since we came home, sometimes twice a week, and we think they have been blessed.

I was obliged to dear M— J— for her journal, though I have not told her so before: and will be very glad to have the remainder. I inquire of every one from W———, and I did it to day of P. C———, how T—— C—— comes on. What an awful condition is his; so enlightened, and yet so stupid and stubborn!

Remember me to Mr. J——; I shall not soon forget his prayers for me and mine.

Dear M—— S——, I hope that clay tenement of hers will be propped up a little longer. Give her much love for me, with the request that she will please to remember that she is not *all spirit.*

My little sister K—— at my side, says, "Give Mrs. J—— my love, and ask her to pray for *me.*"

M—— also desires to be kindly remembered to you.

Yours, most affectionately,

ANNA J.

Please don't keep Mr. M——— longer than two weeks, he has a work to do here.

Love to J——.

To MRS. J. M'A. of W——, N. J.

Philadelphia, 16th Nov. 1830.

My dear J——, I did not learn of your afflictive bereavement, until ten or twelve days afterward, and then I felt as though I could scarcely believe that this last dear object of your affections had indeed been riven from you. I have been intending to write every day since, but have been prevented, until an unoccupied hour this evening gives me an opportunity.

But what shall I say? Alas! I feel as though I hardly knew how to offer you any consolation. I would only remind you, that your dear meek, mother

is now a sainted spirit—that she has forever laid aside her weak frail body, and that her purified soul, free from the shackles of mortality and sin, is now at rest in the bosom of God. O, think what she has escaped! No more tears to shed—no more sighing, or sorrow—no more conflicts, no more sin. Ah! while we are mourning here below, she is enjoying the presence of Him, whom, though unseen, she loved. Hers is now the palm of victory, and the crown of rejoicing, and on the heights of Zion she is tuning her golden harp to Him who hath washed her from her sins in his own blood. And would you, my dear friend, recall her back to earth? Would you have her tread the same path that you are now walking, and bear the same 'bitter trials?' Assuredly not. Endeavour to anticipate the hour when your day of probation shall be over, and your trial ended, and you, too, be admitted into the joy of your Lord.

Do not think, dear J——, that I consider this, and other afflictions with which divine Providence has visited you, as other than very, *very severe.* No: having experienced the pain of parting from dear friends myself, I can conceive of the bitter anguish you must feel, in the view of those repeated bereavements you have been called to suffer. But, suffer me to ask you, what I have asked myself, has there not been a "needs be" for all this?

Have not these much, and deservedly, loved objects entwined themselves too closely around our hearts, and engrossed those affections which He, who only has a right to them, demands? I feel that *I* am too prone to commit those two dreadful evils charged upon Israel, "forsaking the fountain of living water, and hewing out broken cisterns that can hold no water," and if it be so with you, is it not wise, and even *kind*, in your heavenly Father to dry up these streams, and thus lead you to himself? He seems now as if he were determined to have your heart, your *whole heart*. He took from you your sweet child; still there was a dearer being left, and you clung to him. He was withdrawn; and then you turned, and fastened, with a stronger hold, upon another creature. Now all are gone, and "what have you more?" Dear J——, you have God, the ever living, unchanging God. Yes, He is willing to fill the void, he himself has made. He will come into your broken, bleeding, heart and fill it with his peace. Now is the time for a *whole dedication*, now for an entire consecration of body, soul, and spirit to him who has redeemed you, and who, by his disciplinary measures, would draw you to this reasonable service. Your reeds have all broken under your weight, let me affectionately urge you to be careful how you lean upon others. Go, dear J——, to God for

comfort, and to him alone. Go to him for grace and strength, and he will sustain you.

I have had some thoughts of coming to see you for a few days, but do not know whether I shall be able to accomplish it this season. There has not been any week since I could have gone;—father has been quite sick, and is still rather unwell. If I do not come you must not impute it to disinclination. I was interrupted by company the evening I commenced this, and I have been so situated as not to be able to finish it till now. The anniversary of our Missionary Society, (which generally brings me a good deal of writing, such as the preparation of a Report, &c.) has taken place, and other indispensable engagements occupied my time.

Sisters sympathize with you in your trial, and desire to be affectionately remembered to you. Remember me also to Miss N——, and when you can do it, write to me, if it be but a few lines, I shall excuse it. Yours, affectionately,

ANNA.

To MRS. A. M. J. OF W——, DEL.

My beloved Friend,—It has long been in my heart to write to you, but the opportunity always seemed wanting till now, when I have made one, by staying from meeting.

And so you have lost your dear little Sandy*—

* A familiar name given to this sweet child, whose name was Archibald Alexander.

I should not say *lost*, for he is, doubtless, only removed to a more congenial atmosphere, where his pure spirit can forever expatiate in its own element of love. He was very sweet, even when clothed in his garments of clay, how lovely must he be now, disenthralled, and washed from all the stains of original corruption! If children are angels, what a gentle, loving, little angel is he! You had the privilege of assisting in his training for that heavenly state, and perhaps your Lord and his, saw that it was no longer safe to trust him away, even in a tender mother's hands, and so he took him to himself. Blessed child! so soon escaped from the turmoil and temptations of life—spared the conflict, yet enjoying the victory, receiving the crown, without bearing the cross! O my dear sister, do you repine if his Lord thought it *best?* I trust not. Sandy is not *dead*, but *lives*, and will live forever. He is not lost, but safe at *home* in his dearer Father's house.

Do not think, my dear sister, that I do not feel for you; I do, and I trust, that He, who knows better how to administer consolation than any earthly friend, will not forget you now, but fill up the void he has made with his own fulness.

A. J. L.

To Mrs. A. M. J——, of W——, Del.

Philadelphia, March 13th, 1832.

It was very kind in you, my beloved friend, to write to me so soon. It was the more grateful, because it was neither expected nor *deserved:* indeed, after I heard that you had still sickness in your family, I felt as if it were not right to have introduced any subject into my letter which would seem to ask an answer. I thank you for your "honest questions," and feel no less indebted for your fidelity than your promptness. True christian faithfulness is very rare, and therefore the more precious. It is love's most delicate, difficult, yet important duty, and the highest proof she can give of the strength of her regard.

I took your letter with me to my chamber, and there bowed before the great heart-Searcher, and determined to review this whole subject, which I acknowledge to be deeply important, and even momentous. I asked myself the question, whether I was willing to give up the matter, *unconditionally*, into the hands of God—to do just what he would have me, let it be what it might? I confess this question excessively agitated me, as my mind glanced rapidly at many of the circumstances of the case,—there was a struggle—but it was only for a *moment*. Oh! it seemed better, *infinitely better*, to sacrifice the dearest desire of my heart,

rather than that the wise and holy, just, and *good*, and *precious* will of God should not be done. Perhaps I was deceived, but I *thought* I could surrender my will to his. I then begged that my mind might be enlightened as to duty, and my will inclined to embrace whatever should appear such. With this preparation, I took up the subject in all the different aspects in which you had presented it. I tried to be impartial, and as I proceeded, step by step, my convictions deepened, that in the proposed measure I had nothing left but to go *forward*.

If I have done wrong, I must lay this, with all my other errors on the head of the Great Sacrifice, and look for pardon through the merits of his blood.

I wish very much to see you. Will not the attraction of the General Assembly bring you up with the rest of the W———— friends? For myself, I expect but little gratification. I advanced my first step last Sunday, over to Dr. E——'s, and hope to get as far as Mr. B——'s at the opening, but have no prospect of attending any early morning or evening meetings. Being debarred the house of God is the greatest trial attendant on sickness.

We have all been looking forward to this Assembly with the deepest anxiety.

Oh, that the Lord would disappoint the ex-

pectations of the wicked, and breathe upon the Brethren a spirit of unity and love.

Oh, that christians, everywhere throughout our church, may be much at the throne of grace on this errand! Will not your little circle remember the Assembly, *daily* and *throw their whole hearts* into their petitions? Have we not an individual interest in this matter? The honour of our God and Saviour! Oh! *it* ought and *must be* dearer to our hearts than any other interest in the universe.

ANNA J. LINNARD.

PART V.

HER CHARACTER AS A STUDENT OF THE WORD OF GOD: AS A SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER, &c.

The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver.—*Psalms* cxix. 72.

In the last chapter, it was attempted to portray the character of Miss Linnard, as exhibited in the various relations of life. In this we shall speak of her character as *a student of the Scriptures; a member of a Bible class; her attainments in religious knowledge; and her labours as a Sunday School Teacher.*

One of the most interesting features in the character of Miss Linnard, before her conversion, was her unquenchable thirst for knowledge. She read a great number of valuable books which treat of various branches of knowledge, and read them with deep attention, and great advantage. And when she became a Christian, this desire for knowledge was not abated, but only elevated, purified, and regulated. It had God, and the things relating to Him, as its blessed object.

As might be expected, the *Bible* became emphatically her book, and was perused and studied daily, with untiring industry. And she soon attain-

ed to an uncommon acquaintance with it. She read it often through in regular course, besides studying its devotional portions, constantly, during the twelve years which she lived, after her mind had been illumined by the truth. It was her practice, for years, to spend two or three hours every evening, in reading the sacred Scriptures. It was seldom that she retired to rest before midnight, often later. And from ten o'clock, until she did retire, she was, almost uniformly, engaged in this delightful employment. In this still and solemn hour of the night, when the city, with its many thousands of immortal beings, was silent in repose, and nothing was heard but the voice of the watchman announcing the passing hour, she delighted to study the Bible, generally with Scott's or Henry's Commentary, and no eye but God's superintending. Here it was that she found those delightful seasons of communion with God, which she so often enjoyed. Here it was, too, that she poured forth her heart before Him, in intercession for her family, her friends, the church of Jesus Christ, and a dying world.

Nor did she read the Bible in a superficial manner. She *studied* it, with all the helps and appliances which are now, so abundantly, within the reach of all who desire them. She studied it in a systematic manner. For this purpose, she attended for years the Bible classes which were maintained in the church to which she belonged. During several of the last years of her life, her attendance

was seldom, on account of her many engagements; and finally, the state of her health. And it was a very rare thing, (if, indeed, it ever did occur,) that she went to her class unprepared. The pains which she took to become thoroughly prepared, were very great, and would appear incredible to careless readers of the word of God. She felt, however, that the Bible is a rich mine of divine knowledge which can never be searched too diligently. And she found a rich reward for all her labour in this diligent investigation. And she always derived profit from the instructions of her teachers, and never reckoned the hour or two which she weekly spent in the Bible class, as lost, or even spent with little profit. She went *expecting* to be benefitted. Nor was she often disappointed.

In this respect, she set an example, which all our youth ought to imitate. She often expressed her wonder, that *any* professor of religion, old or young, should be willing, or allow themselves upon any, except most imperative, considerations, to lose the opportunity of securing instruction, in the thorough manner in which they might obtain it in a well conducted Bible class. And she looked forward in expectation with much delight, to that day when this subject will be seen in its true importance, and *all* the members of the churches, and even of the congregations, be enlisted in the regular and careful study of the word of God.

As to Miss Linnard's attainments in the know-

ledge of all that relates to religion, they were truly surprising, when it is remembered that she only lived about twelve years after she became a professor of religion. And yet in that time, besides the valuable religious works of a lighter character, (such as those in biography, narrative, &c., which were numerous,) she read a large number of the most important religious works in the English language, such as those of President Edwards, Arch-Bishop Leighton, Newton, Law, Baxter, Alleine, Gray, Scougal, Doddridge, Ridgely, Hopkins, Paley, Fletcher, Wesley, Dick, Chalmers, Jay, Owen, Bates, Milner's Church History, and Horne's Introduction.

Few persons have a more thorough acquaintance, not only with the Bible, but with the entire subject of theology, and the various theories and speculations which have been entertained, especially in this country, than she had; or who could point out the differences in these systems, and the dangers which arise from any particular theory or scheme. Her knowledge of the best English writers on the Philosophy of the Human Mind was by no means inconsiderable. She had read Locke, Stewart, Reid, and Brown, with much care and reflection.

In addition to this, she not only kept up, but enlarged, her knowledge of subjects of general interest, and in which she had made great advances

before her conversion. And if any one desires to know how she accomplished all this, the answer is, that it was by employing well all her leisure time, which was certainly much greater than that which falls to the lot of most of young ladies, but not greater than what thousands in our country enjoy. It is astonishing how much any one may read in ten or twelve years, who devotes only one or two hours to it every day. And vast numbers of people can, if they are disposed to do so, spend far more than that amount of time, every day, in this employment.

The knowledge which Miss Linnard acquired, she laid at the feet of her blessed Master. However desirable *in itself*, its chief value, in her estimation, was, that it might be rendered useful to the cause of Christ; and well did she prove this in her own case. It was owing to this fact that her attainments did not excite and cherish pride, or lead to an ostentatious display, as is the case, ordinarily, with persons who possess little or no religion. Her deep piety always kept her humble, so that she was remarkable for her unassuming manners, although she always considered pride and vanity, naturally, as her besetting sins; but through the grace of God she gained the victory over them.

Miss Linnard was well acquainted with the Doctrines, Form of Government, and Discipline of the church to which she belonged, and preferred them

to those of any other. Yet she was no bigot. She was a frequent worshipper in the Episcopal and Methodist churches, at those times when there was no service in the church of which she was a member. She delighted to feel that she belonged to the general church of Christ on earth, embracing all who truly believe in Him and "work righteousness," by whatever name they are called.

It is greatly to be regretted that Christians, both old and young, are so far from being thoroughly informed in the doctrines of the word of God, or capable of defending them. The church will never be safe from pernicious error, until her members are not only well informed as to what God does say in his word, but are also contented simply to believe it because he has said it. A spirit which will not be satisfied with this, but is ever seeking something further, is always in danger of running into great errors.

We would here remark, that although Miss Linnard read much, yet it was seldom, after her conversion, that she read any book which was not obviously calculated to improve her religious knowledge, or to qualify her for greater usefulness. It has already been stated that before she became pious, she was extravagantly fond of reading *novels*. But after she "had apprehended God, or rather had been apprehended of him," and had known his grace in truth, she renounced

decidedly, and for ever, this species of reading,—seldom ever looking into a book of this kind, unless to ascertain its character, in order that she might be better enabled to guard those over whom she had influence. And it was her decided opinion that all such books are exceedingly injurious in their influence upon real spirituality of mind. It did not affect her opinions, on this subject, to be told that many persons of high standing, but who do not profess to know any thing about religion, by having experienced its power, approve of the reading of such books. Nor did she regard the opinions of many professors of religion, whose religion, however, allows them to enter into what are called *fashionable amusements*. She never thought either class capable of deciding upon what is, or is not, really injurious to real spirituality of mind. It was enough for her that the word of God forbids, in its scope, all things which have a tendency to make Christians "conformed to this world," instead of being "transformed by the renewing of their minds;" to strengthen the influence of the "world, the flesh, and the devil;" and which promote instead of repressing the disposition which is naturally so powerful in every heart, to indulge in "foolish jesting," and "things which are not covenient" to the Christian character and the glory of God. And she found from her own experience, that the influence of this spe-

cies of reading is to give a distaste for substantial reading, and for serious and spiritual exercises; that it quenches the monition of the Spirit and of conscience; that, by exciting the most powerful passions of the human heart it absorbs the attention and time which ought to be bestowed on the care of the soul; and, that it leads to wrong ideas of real life, and through the romantic hopes of the future which it excites in the minds of ardent and inexperienced young persons it unfits them for the trials, and disappointments of real life.

It may well be supposed that when Miss Linnard embraced the Gospel, she was ready to take a part in every good work. It was so. And one of the first objects in which she felt a deep interest, was the *Sunday School*. She soon became a *teacher*, and, until the state of her health prevented, she was one of the most indefatigable and successful Sunday school teachers in the city. She spared no pains to make her class interesting, and to keep up its number, by constant and faithful visitation. And such was her success that she was seldom without a good class. During the twelve years in which she was engaged in this good work, she taught several successive sets of scholars. And such was her faithfulness, united with a most skilful mode of giving instruction, and earnest prayer, that her labours were greatly blessed.

She also laboured with great diligence to qualify herself for giving instruction. By careful study she made herself well acquainted with the lessons which she taught her pupils. She embraced every opportunity of hearing instruction which was calculated to have a bearing upon her work as a Sunday school teacher. For this purpose she attended, with great constancy and much profit, an excellent series of Lectures which the venerable Dr. Green delivered in the Sixth Presbyterian Church, in the winter of 1825–26, to a large number of teachers belonging to various churches. She often spoke of these Lectures as having been very useful to her, and, she doubted not, to many others.

In giving instruction to her class, which was a Bible class, composed of girls, nearly or quite grown up, she used often to read to them, or simply relate, some interesting incident, or anecdote, or historical sketch, to illustrate some principle of duty which she had been inculcating. Sometimes she clothed this instruction in an interesting allegory for that purpose.

Of this the following is a specimen, in which there is displayed a fine ingenuity united with an excellent judgment.

"A certain great noble, about to go on a short journey, at a very early hour, called the servants of his household together, for the purpose of giving

them his orders, and assigning their employments during his absence. Upon a table, in the apartment where they were assembled, was placed what appeared to be a heap of rude, unshapen stones; there were also scattered crucibles and other implements of manufacture, with which they were little acquainted. "Here," said the noble, approaching the table, and taking a stone in his hand, "are pieces of ore, which, though mingled with other base substances, yet contain much of that most precious and valuable of all metals—gold." Handing a piece to each, he added, "it is my wish, that during my absence, you melt this ore, and separating the gold from it into these moulds, and according to this mode, prepare me an ornament worthy of my acceptance on my return. You will thus have an opportunity of proving the sincerity of your love and obedience, and, on my return, I will reward the diligent servant with honour, and wealth, and dignity, infinitely beyond his desert; but the unfaithful and negligent I will punish, not only in accordance to his offence in itself, but also in proportion to the extent of the blessings which I promise."

"Immediately on his departure, one of the servants, reclining himself on a couch, let the ore slip through his fingers on the floor, and picking up a faded rose, began to occupy himself by tearing to pieces its withered leaves. Another, throw-

ing himself on the ground, exclaimed, "I cannot do it; what a hard man is our master, to expect us to make this lump of dark crude ore into such a beautiful and brilliant jewel as *that*. I cannot do it; I cannot do it;" and thus he lay turning the gold in his hand, without a single effort to obey his lord. Another, with a smile of contempt, declared "their master had deceived them; he did not mean what he said; he never will reward us so; and I am not going to labour for nothing." Another thought their lord had always been so kind, he certainly would not punish him much, and he would try to make a good excuse. Another, with a parcel of straws in his hand, said he was determined to make a fly-box first, and set himself down very busily to his trifling employment. Two others had just bought a set of battle-doors, and wanted first to try them. Another filled his mouth with betel-nut, and, under its intoxicating influence, was soon asleep. Some began to quarrel and fight; and five only attempted to obey their lord's command. One of these, after he had placed the ore in the crucible, and was going with his companions towards the furnace, was gently touched by a ball-player, who begged him to go out into the garden for a game. He hesitated. "I think I had better not," said he; "our master has enjoined this work, and we ought to do it." "Oh, yes," said the other, "but the day is

very long; there will be time enough before our lord returns." Willingly decoyed, he set the vessel down, and followed his tempter. Of the other four, one placed the crucible in the front of the furnace, where no heat could reach it, and sat down to watch it; but as no heat could reach it, it remained hard and unfused still. Another put his within the fire, and soon it began to melt; pleased to see the rich gold appear, he took it out, and held it so long, that when he attempted to pour it into the mould, it was not only hard, but adhered to the vessel. Another put his within the fire, and there left it till the boiling metal ran over the sides of the vessel, and was lost among the ashes. But not so the last, whom I shall call Faithful. Fearing not the intensest heat, he placed his crucible in the hottest place, and carefully did he watch the proper moment to pour the liquid metal into the mould. Nor did he relax his diligence, when he saw it assume the desired form; but with the graving and burnishing tools which his master had provided, he strove to complete his work and make it perfectly like the pattern which lay beside him, and upon which his eye was constantly bent, that he might catch every touch and turn of the beautiful jewel. While thus engaged in giving it the last polishing strokes, a long loud blast of the trumpet was heard at the gate, the usual signal of the lord's approach. Consternation and dismay

then seized those idle and disobedient servants. Starting from their slumbers, or unlawful employments or amusements, some had to search for the ore committed to them, which, in the general confusion, could not be found; and others were vain and foolish enough to attempt to do in the last moment what had required a whole day to accomplish. Then those who had slighted Faithful's frequent admonition to do their duty, were imploring assistance. But in the midst of all this, the door opened, and in all the dignity of his rank, the lord stood in the midst of them, and casting an eye of indignation on his terrified and guilty servants, he exclaimed—"Is this the manner, ye worthless and unprofitable servants, that ye fulfil my commands! Feared ye so little my anger, or did you desire so little my favour? What have you to plead as a reason why my fury should not be instantly poured out upon you?" He paused, but not a mouth was opened; silence seized every lip, while terror turned every face to paleness. "Away! away!" and clapping his hands violently, there rushed in an armed host, with fierce and angry countenances; "seize these rebels!" he cried, "and bear them to the deepest, darkest dungeon you can find, and there let them suffer for their folly and wickedness. But thou, who only wert faithful found, come hither! no longer servant, but friend, my son, my heir! Clothe him with my richest robe

of state: henceforth I proclaim thee the sharer of my honour and wealth, partner of my cares. Overwhelmed with joy and gratitude Faithful sunk at his feet. "Rise, my Faithful, rise; this reward, though far above your desert, does not exceed my friendship and esteem. This coronet, this wide domain, and all I have, are yours. But you, base, ungrateful, disobedient servants, who thus despised my grace, behold the blessings you have lost. Hence from my sight, begone. Guards do your duty." And soon the wretched men, filling the air with bitter lamentations, were driven all to their dark abodes."

The following interesting letter, which the author of this memoir has received from a young woman in this city, who adorns the profession of religion which she has made, will give some highly interesting views of Miss Linnard as a Sunday school teacher. She was once a member of a class which she taught. This letter bears a noble and just testimony to the faithful manner in which Miss Linnard instructed her class. The good which is here mentioned, as having been done by her, relates to only *one* set of pupils. Many others, who were once under her care, will for ever bless God for her instructions.

"Dear Sir—In writing of my dear friend, I fear I shall not be able to do justice to her character as a

Sabbath school teacher, for, as such, she was worthy of imitation by all those who endeavour to lead the young and rising generation to Jesus Christ. Her manner toward her class was, at all times, kind, affectionate, and engaging; always manifesting great interest in whatever concerned their welfare. She met us each Sabbath with pleasure beaming in her countenance, as she gave her hand to each one, upon her entrance, and bade us welcome.

"Before she commenced teaching, she would always invite us to be silent, for a few moments, and join with her in asking the blessing of God upon the instruction we were about to receive. In explaining the Scriptures, she was very plain and easily understood, and would never tire us with unnecessary words, but would explain all things in the shortest way possible,—which tended to make a more lasting impression upon the mind than they would otherwise have done. Her favourite theme was redeeming love. On this she loved to dwell. This was the principal topic of her instruction. Here she loved to stop and linger, and gather the thoughts of her scholars around the cross of the spotless Son of God, and view him bleeding and dying for them, until the tears would drop from her eyes, and many of the scholars would weep also at the bitter sufferings of Jesus Christ. In beseeching her scholars to attend to the concerns

of their souls, she was exceedingly importunate; she would invite them, by all that was pure and lovely in the life of Jesus Christ, by all that was tender and affecting in his death, by all the mercies that God was continually bestowing upon them, and by the solemnities of death, judgment, and eternity, to make their peace with God.

"Her instructions were not confined to the Sabbath alone, but whenever she met them in the streets, or wherever else it might be, if she had but one minute to speak to them, that short space of time was spent in persuading them to repent of their sins. She had meetings also for her class, during the week, at her own house. At these meetings, she prayed with them, conversed with them on the subject of religion—read to them tracts, or explained to them the Scriptures. In her prayers, she prayed for each by name, and as their several cases required. One of these meetings, in particular, was very solemn; at which she invited all who intended, without delay, to attend to the concerns of their souls, to stand up; at which invitation five, I believe, stood up; and of these five, all now, if I mistake not, are professors, and I doubt not possessors, of the religion of Jesus Christ.

"But I feel that I cannot do justice to her character as a teacher of a Bible class. Her many tender and affecting instructions and admonitions, I hope

never to forget, but to bind them to my heart, and they will be a guide and support to my soul, by the blessing of God, in every event in life. And when it shall please God to call me from time to eternity, I hope, through infinite riches of grace in Jesus Christ, to join with many others in praising Father, Son, and Spirit, that they have ever been under the instructions of Anna J. Linnard."

Miss Linnard wrote an interesting book for the American Sunday School Union, which has gone through several editions, and has been read by some thousands of youth. The title of this work is "Helen Maurice." Nine thousand five hundred copies of this book have already been printed by the Society. The following brief extract from this book will give the reader some idea of her easy style of writing, as well as her views of the proper mode of giving religious instruction to children.

"The affecting circumstances related in the last chapter, made a very powerful impression on the mind of Helen; and for several days a deep gloom overspread her usually cheerful countenance; she smiled not, scarcely eat, was much alone, and often discovered with the Bible in her hand, and in tears.

"These favourable appearances were regarded by her aunt with deep yet trembling solicitude: for several months past her desire for Helen's salva-

tion had greatly increased in intensity; it was not now regarded as an object of distant interest, or of small moment, to be viewed with calm composure, or a feeble, uncertain hope; daily had it been magnifying itself before her, and gathering in importance, until it absorbed her thoughts, and her spirit found no rest, but in breathing out its fervent aspirations at the throne of grace.

"This may appear very strange to some who may be disposed to inquire, what more could be desired, since the child was acknowledged to be dutiful, affectionate, and intelligent? Not so Mrs. St. Felix: she was not disposed to substitute love and obedience to her, for love and obedience to that great and excellent Being, who had the highest claims upon Helen's affection and reverence. She well knew that Helen did not love God, nor desire to please him: she had learnt to interpret that half concealed expression of dissatisfaction or aversion, which would often overspread her usually mild countenance, when the things of God, and Christ, and Heaven were urged upon her attention:—and with the Bible before her, she could not deny, that however correct and amiable in her outward deportment, however dear to her, Helen was none other than a pleasant, agreeable, yet real enemy of the Lord of heaven and earth.

"Nor had Helen's aunt acquired that method of quieting her anxiety, and quelling her fears, which

some good people employ; she did not say, "O she's but a child yet; it will be time enough bye and by—it's not to be expected that *children* should take to these things." Ah! she felt that the precious years of instruction and privilege were now passing away, leaving Helen the same innocent and guiltless creature; she believed that all the pains taken to enlighten her conscience, inform her understanding, and affect her heart; all the calls of God's providence, his word, and Spirit, were gathering upon her a fearful amount of obligation; and she trembled at what might possibly be the result. Such being her views, we may excuse Mrs. St. Felix's undue anxiety on this subject, nor wonder that she should now hail any appearance of even the beginnings of piety in her beloved child, with the liveliest pleasure. She was, however, too well acquainted with the human heart, and particularly with the youthful heart, to be inordinately elated on the occasion: she therefore did not go through the circle of her friends to tell them, *what great hopes she had of Helen*—no: she went to her closet, and her God, and there she spread her case.

"But the dealings of the Divine Sovereign, with his creatures, are sometimes very different from what we are led to expect. We see the mighty whirlwind sweeping over the mountains, tearing up by its roots the lofty oak, and desolating the

plain—it passes by—God is not in the wind. Again, the earth by terrible convulsions shaken to her centre, yawns in affright—it is gone—God is not in the earthquake:—and then the fire—and then the still small voice is heard—it penetrates the sinner's ear—it reaches, melts, and subdues his heart. So in the present case; Helen's feelings of terror, for they were nothing more, in a few weeks wore off: the elasticity of her spirits returned, and her light step, and cheerful countenance were resumed:—yet there still remained a certain feeling, a sort of susceptibility to religious impression entirely unknown before. Mrs. St. Felix's disappointment, though severe, did not lead her to upbraid Helen continually for the change now observable in her deportment; a part of her conduct was worthy of imitation by those who are similarly situated; she took all proper means to revive and deepen Helen's impressions, yet she very justly thought that to remind her of them frequently, and in a reproachful manner, would only lessen that confidence she had always endeavoured to cherish, and produce feelings of aversion and disgust, without probably doing any good."

In addition to this, it ought to be stated, that Miss Linnard had sketched two other works for Sunday schools, and which would, no doubt, have been very valuable; but her last illness prevented her from going on with them. One of these works

related to Greece. The following beautiful hymn was intended to be introduced into one of these projected books.

Sleeper! awake, and sing,
The shades of night are gone;
Sleeper! awake, and sing,
The sun is hast'ning on.
He rises from his ocean bed,
Sleeper! arouse! lift up thy head.

Behold his glorious beams,
Spread o'er the mountain top,
And now, like golden streams,
Pour down its rocky slope.
The fields and trees are bathed in light,
The verdant earth with joy is bright.

The birds are on the wing,
They warble forth their lays;
How sweet the notes they sing
To their Creator's praise!
Sleeper! and canst thou silent be?
Has God, thy God, no claims on thee?

He watched thy slumb'ring hour,
He guarded thee from ill;
His arm of love and power
Is cast around thee still.
Oh, come, thy grateful off'ring bring;
Awake! awake! his goodness sing.

Each day its duty brings;
Arise, and seek his face;
In Him are all thy springs
Of life, and strength and grace.
Awake! awake! His love adore,
His mercy seek, His aid implore.

PART VI.

HER EFFORTS IN BEHALF OF THE VARIOUS BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES: VISITS TO THE POOR, &c.

For to me to live is Christ.—*Phil.* i. 21.

HAVING, in the last Chapter, spoken of Miss Linnard as a student of the Bible, her attainments in religious knowledge, and her labours as a Sabbath school teacher, we propose, in this, to give some account of her other efforts for the conversion of the world.

From her entrance upon her religious life until its close, the principle which governed Paul's life seemed to be truly that which governed hers—"for to me to live is Christ." And she did devote every talent, and faculty of soul and body, time, property, and influence, to the promotion of the honour of Christ, by endeavouring to bring others to the knowledge of his salvation, and with a zeal steady as time, and a love stronger than death.

The writer of this memoir has never seen a person who evinced, habitually, a greater interest in all the efforts which the Church is now making to extend the kingdom of Christ throughout the world, than did Miss Linnard. She had a heart which

could comprehend, in its feelings, *all* the various enterprizes which are prosecuted for the accomplishment of this grand object—an object for which this world is continued in existence; for which the Son of God died; and for which, in part, his Church was established. Deeply convinced of the importance of the religion of Christ, by having herself felt both her need of it and its efficacy, she looked with a sympathizing eye upon earth's benighted millions, and longed to send to every creature the blessed Gospel of the Son of God.

For many years she was secretary of the Auxiliary Female Bible Association of the South-Eastern section of the city of Philadelphia, and one of its most efficient officers. She distributed, with her own hand, very many copies of the sacred Scriptures. The Reports which she wrote of the operations of this Association were always interesting. Some of them, indeed, are of a character, for beauty of language, as well as for abundance of touching incidents, truly remarkable. A few extracts from these Reports are here subjoined.

In that of 1826, are the following interesting paragraphs:

"To do good is doubtless the sweet employment in which the angelic spirits delight to use their celestial powers. Placed in a state so highly exalted above all sin and selfishness, to what a height

of holy affection do their aspiring spirits attain! How intense their desires! How swift their motions in fulfilling the will of God for the benefit of man! They are said to be ministering spirits to the heirs of salvation! and are represented as eagerly carrying the messages of love and mercy from heaven to earth; as watching over our interests—sympathizing with our sorrows—and rejoicing before God in the conversion of sinners. When communicating to the shepherds of Bethlehem, the glorious news of a Saviour's incarnation, we are told they shouted with holy rapture, and sung in joyful strains the heavenly anthem, 'Glory to God, good will towards man.' To glorify God in doing good, is likewise the noblest employment of man. He, who from nature's rude chaos could by a word call forth order and beauty, those moving worlds of light, and all the various scenes of loveliness and grandeur, with which the universe is decked, *needs* not the assistance of his creatures: his almighty power alone can accomplish his purposes, and fullfil his vast designs without their aid; and it is infinite condescension, when he stoops to employ the brightest seraph that bows before the throne, on the humblest errand of mercy. How, then, can we express the wondrous grace conferred upon his once rebellious worms, when they are permitted to be 'workers with God and co-workers with Jesus Christ?' It is no slavish constraint that

binds us—it is the glorious liberty of the free-born children of God. In paths of benevolence we tread, who are uniting our humble efforts in the work of publishing the Gospel of grace to every creature. We meet with few difficulties; some trifling inconveniencies, at most, are all we are called to suffer: and are *we* tempted to slothfulness—despondency? Let the view of our high obligation, our happy privilege, and the recollection of our past unfruitfulness, rouse our sluggish spirits, and prompt us with cheerful alacrity to pursue our way.

"One Bible was given to a person residing at no great distance from our city, in a portion of country which enjoys perhaps as little of Gospel light and ministrations, as some of our western wilds. The woman to whom it was given, was considerably advanced in years, ignorant and untaught. Her life had been laborious and joyless: she had known but few opportunities of instruction, and but little happiness: two or three torn leaves was all her dwelling contained of the Book of God. On receiving the precious gift, her eyes were filled with tears of joy; and from the fullness of her heart, she poured forth the warmest expressions of thankfulness. Though little acquainted with its glorious truths, yet she knew it was that Word, which was able to make wise unto salvation. O that He who gives sight to the blind, would shed

into her mind the light of his glory, and accompany this, and every message of his grace, wherever distributed, and wherever possessed, with his Almighty Spirit's enlightening, saving power."

The Report of 1827 contains some passages which are here given.

"One of the peculiar traits, and distinguishing characteristics of the Christian religion, is its suitableness to the *poor:* though it presents heights which the loftiest aspirant in vain might seek to grasp, and depths so profound, that the noblest intellects that have graced our nature are lost in their contemplation, yet it furnishes such powerful motives—opens such cheering prospects—and affords such rich consolations—that it is admirably fitted to raise the tone of moral feeling, and soothe the sorrows of the suffering poor.

"And that such are the blessed effects of this true Balm of Gilead, when properly applied, we have daily proof: that amazing change of nature, and elevation of character, which takes place in beings once wretched and debased—that firm endurance of the ills of life—that peaceful content, and holy serenity under its most oppressive woes, which we often perceive, are so many testimonials of its divine origin and happy influence. In our humble walk as Bible distributors, we are some-

times privileged in witnessing these results; an interesting case has recently come under our observation.

"It was that of a young woman in the almshouse: one, in whose cup of suffering but few meliorating ingredients had been mingled: she was a widow—poor—and diseased.

"It did not appear, that in her many trials she had been at all led to view that hand, even in whose smitings there is mercy—she had grieved—but hers was the grief of the world, which worketh death; until, on one occasion, when the affecting parable of the Prodigal Son, was read in her hearing, the springs of godly sorrow were opened in her soul.

"With fixed attention, and streaming tears, she listened, as the similarity between her own case and that poor wanderer, forced itself upon her mind:—but she had no Bible. One was shortly after procured for her, which she received with every expression of gratitude, fervently invoking the blessing of heaven on the individual who conferred it.

"In a subsequent interview, while expressing her sense of her own sinfulness and ill desert, and weeping over the recollection of her past carelessness, she was directed to the only hope of a sinner, 'the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world,' and reminded of the rich treasure of

gospel promises which the Scriptures contain. 'O!' said she, 'that is my only comfort! I am such a sinner, that I sometimes feel as though I should be lost—but when I take up the Bible, *there* I find peace. I think I should *die*, if it were not for the *Bible!* Often, while I am reading it, I feel happier than I ever did in my life before.' Alas! poor Marian! there were few circumstances combined to make her happy—a homely bed of straw, surrounded by the sick and dying, was hers—with no kind friends hovering near to smooth her pillow, or minister to her wants; and yet—O, precious Bible! such is its blessed efficacy, that, even *here* its sacred truths could spread a peaceful calm over this widow's stricken heart!

"As we are permitted to witness the effect of the Book of God among the poor, so also are we led to observe the estimation in which it is held by that class of people. In pursuing our rounds in a certain district, we entered an old frame dwelling, with the intention of ascertaining whether the light of truth had yet shined there. There was a desolate appearance about the place: the walls were partly unplastered—the floors bare—and a little shrivelled fruit, and a few stale things exposed for sale in the window, induced the conclusion, that not much either of the comforts or riches of this life were there enjoyed. On communicating our errand to the aged inhabitants, we learnt that they

were well supplied with the Scriptures, and were agreeably surprised when the man of four-score, taking a half dollar from his pocket, doubtingly asked, 'If we would accept *that?*'

"The above circumstance would stand in fine relief, with the reception frequently met in houses of a far different description; nor would this observation be made, but that, in the present instance, the contrast was too strikingly experienced to pass unnoticed."

From the Report of 1828, the following extracts are made:

"Brief and simple it must necessarily be; for ours is a small and circumscribed sphere of action: our duties lie within a narrow compass: we have no splendid achievements to recount; no lofty deeds of Christian enterprize to exhibit to the admiration of the world:—like the rill, that in its silent flow escapes the passer's eye until it reaches the stream, whose mighty torrent it scarcely swells, has been our progress. As an humble auxiliary we move along, content to be unknown, if by our feeble efforts we can in any measure aid those, whose noble daring has conceived, and whose persevering energy is accomplishing designs which shall tell on the character and destinies of future ages.

"We have distributed eleven Bibles and five

Testaments. One of the above, we think, will not be regarded as an ill-bestowed gift, and we trust has not been altogether in vain. The circumstances of the case were rather interesting. A young man, in the dress of a sailor, one day last summer entered the store of a lady residing within the limits of our section: while purchasing some articles, he uttered an oath, for which he was immediately reproved. After pointing out to him the sinfulness of the practice, she inquired, whether he owned a Bible. He burst into tears, and frankly acknowledging it was against his own better judgment, replied to her question, that he had *no Bible.* There was something in the manner and language of the young man that interested her feelings, and led her to inquire into his past history. He was a wanderer from the home of his youth, and a wanderer from God; yet sin, with all its stupifying influence, had not quite seared his conscience, and wholly hardened his heart—and now that the voice of warning and reproof again came over his ear, it brought fresh to his recollection the instructions of his childhood, and the solemn admonitions maternal tenderness had breathed—and he wept with all the ingenuousness of a child. A Bible was procured from our Librarian, and with many thanks and promises of faithfully reading it, he shortly after sailed for a distant land. The circumstance had nearly escaped the memory of the

lady, when, after the lapse of a few months, the young seaman again walked into her store. After making himself known, he renewed the expression of his gratitude for her counsel and gift, and assuring her that his Bible had often been the companion of his leisure moments, insisted upon her accepting, as some small token of the grateful sense he entertained of her kindness, a few articles he had purchased in England. He did not remain long in port, but on his second departure, had added to his Bible a bundle of tracts. And we hope, that, through the blessing of God attending his own word, this wanderer may be reclaimed and brought back to his Father's house, and angels yet rejoice over this one sinner that hath repented."

Further extracts might be made, if it were proper. Enough has been given to show the vigour and beauty of her style of writing, and the delightful unction of piety which pervades the whole, and constitutes its highest excellence.

Miss Linnard was also, for several years, secretary of the Female Domestic Missionary Association, which has laboured for many years in the noble work of providing religious instruction for thousands who live in the suburbs of the city. This Association is confined to the Presbyterian churches. Through its labours, no less than *three* churches have been planted in different quarters of

the city, which bid fair to be permanent blessings to the neighbourhoods in which they have been established.

Her efforts in behalf of the Tract cause were very great. She was one of the most indefatigable distributors which this city ever possessed; and, whilst distributing Tracts, she often made the occasion one of earnest exhortation to those whom she visited, on the subject of their salvation. In this way hundreds have heard the messages of mercy and of warning from her lips. And, in many cases, it is believed, her admonitions and instructions, accompanied, as was always the case where practicable, with prayer, have been blessed to their conversion, or their growth in grace. This duty she always performed in a most conscientious manner; earnest prayer always, and often *fasting*, preceding her setting out on these errands of mercy.

She also took a deep interest in the efforts which were made to benefit the seamen, as well as in all the other religious enterprizes of the day. She was a warm friend to the American Sunday School Union, and was much interested in the efforts which that important institution is making to establish Sunday schools throughout all parts of our land, and supply them with suitable libraries.

But in no cause was she more interested than in that of sending the gospel to the heathen. Her

religion was truly missionary in its character. With her, the field was the world. She surveyed this wretched world, peopled with more than *eight hundred millions* of immortal souls, by far the greater part of whom are ready to perish for "lack of knowledge," with a heart filled with holy compassion. With Baxter she was ready to say, that of all the mysteries relating to God's procedure, that of his confining his saving mercies to so small a portion of mankind was the greatest. She mourned daily over the amazing apathy of the churches on this subject. "Shall we," she was ever ready to exclaim—

"Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name."

On the subject of Missions, Miss Linnard was well informed. She read with intense interest the religious papers. Those relating to missionary efforts, and which give an account of the spiritual wants, and the peculiar condition, history, manners and customs, religious opinions and rites of the

different nations of the earth, were read with very great interest. She could not rest without having her Missionary Herald, and other religious papers, and she read them with more interest than she ever read a political newspaper, (although she made it a point to be well informed in regard to the political changes and events of our country and of the world,) or the most attractive *novel*, in the days of her indifference to religion.

How deeply it is to be regretted, that so few professors of religion take pains to inform themselves, either as to the wants of heathen countries, or the efforts which are now making to send the Gospel to them. Many, having little or no geographical knowledge, and being too indolent to attempt to gain it, and believing that every part of the earth is about as well off, in regard to the Gospel, as our own country, cannot be induced to feel an interest in the efforts which some Christians are now making to send the Gospel to *six hundred millions* of mankind, who have never heard of the way of salvation. And many, who have some knowledge of the world, have so parsimonious a spirit, and so little desire to know the progress of the kingdom of our blessed Redeemer on the earth, that they are unwilling to pay the paltry sum of two or three dollars, annually, to procure a good religious newspaper! Such was not Miss Linnard's spirit. No intelligence was half so ac-

ceptable to her as that which informed her of the increase of Christ's kingdom. A revival of religion, the sending forth of a faithful missionary, or the conversion of one soul any where in the world, was an item of the most joyful news to her. And there was no sacrifice which she would not have preferred to make, if necessary, rather than be without the means of obtaining such intelligence.

From her conversion until her death, no object was half so desirable to her heart, as the complete and speedy establishment of Christ's kingdom on the earth. For this she prayed day and night; for this she literally exhausted life itself. And in all the plans which were adopted in Philadelphia during that time, to raise money to send the Gospel to the heathen, in which female hands could do any thing, her co-operation was always to be found. No toil or sacrifice was shunned. Time, and money, and effort were cheerfully given to forward the good work: whilst at the monthly concert of prayer, for the conversion of the world, her presence was always expected with confidence. No inclemency of weather, nor press of business, nor company prevented her, when in health, from enjoying those delightful seasons, when "those who feared the Lord, and thought upon his name," met to unite their supplications for the coming of his reign upon the earth.

With several of the missionaries in the East

Indies, and in the Sandwich Islands, she was well acquainted, and kept up a most valuable correspondence. It is deeply regretted that it has not been possible to obtain any of her letters to these devoted brethren and sisters, for the present edition of this memoir. At a future time, it is probable they will appear. Some of these letters must have been extremely valuable. For instance—she was in the habit of writing for the Sandwich Island Mission, a regular journal of all the important religious events which occurred in this country, and transmitting them to her early and beloved friend, Miss Maria Ogden. Many of the letters which she received in answer have appeared in the Christian Advocate, conducted, as is well known, by the Rev. Dr. Green, and in other papers.

The following paragraphs, on the subject of missionary efforts in behalf of the Mohammedan nations, are extracted from her sketch book, and were written in 1821. They will be read by every one with interest. They display a mind capable of examining subjects in a very able manner.

"If ever I felt inclined to be a missionary, it was the other day, when reading the *Alcoran*. My patience did not extend through one-third of it; and nothing but the great desire to judge of the book on which the belief of so many thousands is founded, prevented me from throwing it aside after

the first or second chapter. I was greatly disappointed. I had expected that that great deceiver, in misleading so large a part of the world, had employed all the beauty of eastern allegory, and the glowing colouring of eastern imagery. But on the contrary, I found the lowest ideas, the poorest language, the greatest string of absurdities and nonsense. I really felt all the sympathies of my nature excited in pity for the wretchedness of beings, whose hopes of eternal happiness have no better foundation than that book; for which they have rejected the pure word of life. Oh, how does our Bible rise in comparison with the Koran of Mohammed! Taking it merely as a human production, there is so much purity and sublimity in it, and such a moral beauty is diffused over its pages, it is astonishing that irreligious persons of genius and taste, who are always on the search for the beautiful and sublime, do not delight in the study of it on that account alone. There is a touching simplicity and pathos in the historical parts of the Old Testament, unequalled by authors of ancient or modern times. I have been so much struck on reading the Psalms, with the grandeur and dignity of the ideas and the beauty of expression, that I have sometimes entirely lost sight of their devotional intention, in admiration of the composition. But the Bible is not the work of man. Every page bears the impress of divinity, where

the purest precepts, and the most important lessons, are conveyed in the simplest, yet most sublime language. 'It is a lamp to our feet, and a light to our path.' The evidences for its genuineness and authenticity are strong and clear. And whether we take the power of its miracles, or remarkable fulfilment of its prophecies—itself a never-ceasing miracle—we must acknowledge the Bible to be the true, unerring Word of the living God."

But there was no subject, connected with the universal spread of Christ's kingdom, on which Miss Linnard's views were more enlarged and truly enlightened, than on the duty of the church to make continual intercession in behalf of all who are in authority among the nations of the earth. She viewed the immense influence which they may, and do, exert, either for good or for evil, and also the exposure of their own souls to endless ruin, as reasons calculated to enlist her tenderest sympathies for them. And the apostolic injunction was ever before her. "I exhort, therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men; for kings and for all that are in authority, that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty." And many a fervent prayer did she offer up in her closet, as well as in the social prayer meeting and the church, not only for our own rulers, but for the kings of the earth, often present-

ing them *individually*, and spreading out before her mind the peculiar and important circumstances of the case of each, that had a bearing on the cause of Christ in his dominions. Was this fanaticism? No. No well informed Christian would dare to call it such.

If we wish to see the mountain-like obstacles which now stand in the way of the spread of the Gospel, removed, we must pray more for those who are in authority among the nations. How easy it is for God to incline the hearts of rulers to favour his cause, or so to order things in his providence, that such men will be placed in authority, who, from some cause or other, (and it will always be in such a way that their own free agency will be apparent) will be favourable, or at least not opposed to the progress of the kingdom of God. And as to our own country, its real benefactors are certainly not only those who expend their time and make personal sacrifices in its behalf, but also those who intercede day and night before God, that His blessing, like a shield, may be over us. They, in an important sense, move the hand that governs the universe. "God is a sun and shield for us." "In his arm is strength." "He ruleth over all." He is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble." Let our confidence be reposed in him alone.

We have no doubt that much prayer has ascend-

ed to God in behalf of the rulers of the earth, within a few years, and that, in answer to these supplications, remarkable changes are taking place in the feelings and conduct of some of them, in relation to the spread of the Gospel. It is truly wonderful to see how, what were considered insurmountable obstacles, are becoming removed, without any direct human effort. Look, for instance, at the state of things in China, Turkey, Egypt, some of the South American States, and many countries where ignorant and despotic princes rule. Why is this relaxation of rigid measures of exclusion, this disposition to tolerate the entrance of the Bible and the missionaries of the cross? It has been in answer to the prayers of devoted, humble Christians, who have been pleading, in the seclusion of their closets, for the merciful intervention of Jehovah's arm.

But we wish to call the attention of the reader of this memoir, to what we consider by far—if we may be allowed to make a comparison between them—the most important of Miss Linnard's efforts to do good. We mean her visits to the poor and ignorant in Philadelphia, during the twelve years which elapsed after her conversion, until she was prevented by disease from prosecuting her benevolent work. She imitated her blessed Saviour, who "went about doing good." It was her delight to do acts of kindness and mercy; and above

all, to instruct, in her visits, the poor and ignorant in those things which relate to their eternal welfare. In this sense, she was indeed a "preacher of righteousness" to vast numbers.

This course of beneficence she commenced immediately after her conversion. And she pursued it with a steadiness which knew no abatement deserving of exception, as long as she was able to do it. And it would be found, upon proper examination, that few women have accomplished so much within so brief a period. She acted upon a *system*, and her zeal was always burning. For she lived really for the glory of God. It was no transient feeling that led her to do this. It was a degree of love to God, and of devotion to his cause, such as few, very few indeed, possess.

For years after her profession of religion, it was her uniform practice to observe a *fast* every week, and sometimes *two*. The forenoons of these days she spent in her chamber, in reading the Scriptures, self-examination, meditation, and prayer. The afternoons were spent in visiting alone, generally, though not always, the abodes of poverty and wretchedness. Besides these days, she usually spent one or two other days, or part of days, each week, in visiting the poor. And, during the last year or two of her life, previously to her fatal illness, she spent, not only two or three days every

week, but the chief part of every day, except the Sabbath, in this work of mercy.

Her plan, on these occasions, sometimes was to go out after nine or ten in the morning, and return about five or six in the afternoon. This was indeed often the case. It was no uncommon thing for her to spend six, eight, or even nine hours in this laborious business, and return exceedingly fatigued before tea-time. Generally, perhaps, the time which she spent in this work, was shorter than that named above. Very frequently she did not return for dinner, but ate a morsel, if she ate at all, with some of the poor families which she visited, thus gratifying their earnest desire to do her some act of kindness and gratitude, and to show them her regard for them by this act of friendship.

In these visits she had various objects in view, and accomplished one or another, as circumstances afforded her the opportunity. Sometimes she carried copies of the Word of God, which she gave to families destitute of the heavenly treasure. In other cases, she distributed tracts suitable to the characters and circumstances of the families which she visited. She did nothing at random. She exercised great judgment in her distributions of these small messengers of mercy. Sometimes she carried some provisions for the poor, or sent them afterwards by a servant. She gave away thus

what cost much money. This she was enabled to to do in many ways. For, although she was not possessed of great pecuniary resources, yet, with economy, considerable was saved, and appropriated in this manner to doing good. Such, too, was her great plainness and economy in dress, that much was saved for charity, which, in the case of others, is lavished upon their persons.* And when she needed pecuniary means for the purpose of doing good, she was seldom long without them. But it ought to be remarked, that she often laboured in behalf of charitable associations for the relief of the poor, and, of course, received the means of supplying their wants, in some measure, from that source. And it should also be added, that she distributed her alms so judiciously, that a little went a great way; for she never gave aid in such a way, as to lead the persons receiving it, to depend upon eleemosynary relief, but to rely rather upon their own exertions; thus cutting off the tempta-

* On the subject of dress, her views were very decided and rigid. She held it to be a duty incumbent upon Christians in affluent, as well as those in more moderate, circumstances, to dress with becoming simplicity and plainness, not only for the purpose of enabling them to have greater means wherewith to do good, but also to induce poorer Christians, and hired young men and women, to avoid extravagance, and to live economically, and in a manner suitable to their limited resources.

tion to indolence, which is so baneful to every virtuous feeling.

Oftentimes her visits were for the purpose of gathering poor and neglected children into Sunday schools, or to persuade their parents to attend some place of public worship. And often her sole object was to endeavour to do good to the immortal souls of those whom she visited. This was indeed the great and higher object which she always had in view, although, in many cases, the others mentioned above, were not only collateral and highly important, but primary as it regards time.

In her visits, no house was shunned into which it was proper that she should go unattended. The poverty, filthiness, sickness, and wickedness of the inmates, were not obstacles which prevented her from executing her errands of mercy. She entered the most wretched and disgusting abodes of human beings, and sitting down, would discourse on that brighter and better world above, where there is no sorrow, nor sickness, nor tears, nor sin. She listened to their affecting tales of misery, and often of guilt, and gave the needed lessons of instruction. Often she read a tract, or part of one; but more frequently a portion of the Word of God, adding some remarks by way of explanation, and many solemn, tender, and faithful warnings. Wherever it was practicable, she kneeled down and prayed with them in the most earnest and

affecting manner. Those who accompanied her sometimes in these visits, speak in a most interesting manner of her earnestness, her faithfulness, her tenderness, and her persuasive manner of addressing hardened and wicked men and women.

During a long period, she was also in the habit of visiting the alms-house, and spending hours in conversing with the inmates of this Bethesda. Many interesting facts are remembered respecting these visits, which ought to be mentioned; but they would occupy too much space.

It would be no exaggeration to say, that this one devoted young lady, during twelve years, visited several hundreds of families in this city, many of whom were poor and truly wretched. The amount of good done by these visits, is known only to God, and cannot be revealed until eternity developes the events of time. There is every reason to believe that many souls were brought to the knowledge of Christ by her efforts, and many more brought within the pale of instruction in the Sunday school, or the house of God. Facts are almost daily occurring which make known some good deed done by her.

Not long since, her sister met a poor woman in the market who recognized her, and inquired after Miss Anna, as she called her; and when told that she was dead, exclaimed, "O, how sorry my husband will be to hear this, for it was a conversation

which she had with him which led him to care for his soul, and seek salvation until he found it."

One of the most affecting cases which the author of this memoir ever knew of her efforts to do good, relates to a poor coloured girl of about twelve or fourteen years of age, who lingered a long time, and then died. Miss Linnard visited her day by day for weeks, and carefully instructed her in the way of eternal life, prayed with her, and had the pleasure of seeing her die in peace!

Many poor women in the district in which she laboured, cannot speak of her to this day without weeping, calling her that "good young lady," who cared so much for them.

The reader recollects, doubtless, the letter which she wrote from the "Pines," in New Jersey, which closes the third part of this memoir, in which she gives an account of the family in which she boarded. They were very ignorant. They were not in the habit of going to any church. The wife could not read, and the husband had no disposition to do it. As might be supposed, Miss Linnard felt deeply concerned for them. She read the Scriptures to them, exhorted them to seek after God, to attend the church in the neighbourhood. She did more: she wrote to them, and sent them tracts; and God heard her prayers, and blest her efforts. The wife, (Mrs. P.) there is good reason to believe, became truly pious. A letter from her

to Miss Linnard, dated in January, 1827, and written at her dictation by another person, proves her deep-felt gratitude for her faithfulness to her soul, and to her family.

In her visits to the poor and wretched, Miss Linnard was not more remarkable for any thing than for her uncompromising faithfulness in reproving sin. Indeed, it was owing to this, that she never could rest as long as any person in the neighbourhood where she lived, would, by keeping open a shop, violate the Sabbath. She would go to them, and reason with them in a mild and decided manner upon the sin and danger of their course, and seldom failed of persuading them to give up the iniquitous traffic. In one case where she failed, it was not a long time before the man expostulated with, bitterly regretted his not having followed her advice; for a circumstance occurred in his Sunday business, and which was a natural result of it, which caused him a very heavy loss.

When she travelled, even if it was but a short distance for pleasure, it was her habit to seek every suitable opportunity of doing good by distributing tracts, as well as by conversing with the servants at the inns at which she stopped. Many opportunities were thus embraced for doing good, which many wholly overlook. But with her, it was a *habit* to do good.

And here we would remark, that such was the

dignity, kindness, and persuasiveness of her manner, united with the power which truth always gives its fearless advocate, that no instance, we believe, ever occurred, in which Miss Linnard was insulted by any person, when she was engaged in these visits, which were generally performed alone. She set out upon them always after special prayer —often after fasting—and the God of mercy and of power went with her.

We shall relate but one more instance of her efforts to do good in this way, not because there are not more which might be mentioned, but because we do not wish to take up more space, when those which have been stated are deemed sufficient.

There was a family living in V—— street, in the spring of 1830. They were very poor and wretched. The husband was a *drunkard*, and did literally nothing worthy of being mentioned to sustain his wife and children. His wife, who had supported the family by hard working, was sick, dying gradually of the consumption, and they had four little helpless children, who were very ragged and almost without food: they occupied a *garret* of a small house, in the lower rooms of which lived, we believe, some very decent coloured people. In this state of things, Miss Linnard, in one of her visits of mercy, found them. She at once began her labours of love among them. She

provided medicine, food, and a comfortable bed for the sick mother, clothed and provided for the children, expostulated with the husband, and engaged the people below to take care of the children as much as possible, and keep them from distracting their mother with their noise; and also to prepare victuals for all. She then commenced her spiritual instructions, and persevered in these efforts for months. The woman was extremely ignorant, had seldom been in a church, and could not read a word. With inimitable patience and perseverance, Miss Linnard explained to her the relations which she sustained to God, her sinful estate, the way of salvation through Christ, &c. and had the pleasure of soon perceiving the attention and conscience of the poor sufferer aroused. It was the happiness of the writer of this memoir to accompany her on one of these visits, and to sit down and converse with this woman about her soul. And he will never forget the admirable manner of giving instruction to this ignorant, yet deeply serious woman, which Miss Linnard pursued. She explained to her what faith is, in the most simple way. Said she, "Do you know what *faith* is?" "No ma'am." "Well, I will tell you. If I were to say that I will come and see you to-morrow, and bring you something, you would believe me." "Yes ma'am." "Well, this is *faith*, or belief in what I say. Now, *God* says many things in the

Bible, and I want you to believe Him. You believe what I say, who am nothing but a poor sinful creature; I want you to believe what the great and blessed God says. He is good, and never says what is not true." And then she proceeded to tell what God says concerning his willingness to save those who come to Him, feeling that they are sinners, and asking for pardon for the sake of Jesus Christ.

She persevered in these instructions from time to time, until she had the privilege of seeing this woman rejoicing in the hope and peace of the Gospel, in which she lived some weeks, and then died. And yet, when she began these visits, this poor woman was so ignorant of religion as scarcely to know what to say. And when asked if she knew any thing about God, she said, "She knew very little about him, but had always believed that he was the greatest man in the world." But under the faithful and simple instructions of her devoted friend, rendered effectual, as it is believed, by the teaching of the Holy Spirit, she made rapid advances in divine knowledge, and ended her days in a very comfortable manner.

After the death of the mother, Miss Linnard took the little children, and found suitable places for them in families, where they are now doing well. The husband, deeply affected by the death of his wife, and probably by the exhortations

which he heard from her spiritual instructer and benefactor, reformed his ways, abandoned the dram-shop, became a steady, industrious man, and died some time since.

The preceding is a very brief and imperfect account of the course of beneficence which Miss Linnard pursued, from her entrance upon the Christian life, until disease prevented any further efforts. What an example has she set! Her career was short, but how eminently useful! And although "she hath given up the ghost, and her sun has gone down while it was yet day," her memory will long live, and the blessing of many "who were ready to perish," will rest upon it.

PART VII.

HER LAST SICKNESS: AND TRIUMPHANT DEATH.

And to die is gain.—*Phil.* i. 21.

We come now to comtemplate Miss Linnard in her last sickness, and eminently peaceful, and happy death.

Miss Linnard could not be said, at any period of life, to have had very firm and robust health. Her constitution was naturally delicate, and not calculated, apparently, to endure great hardships; so much so, that it is truly wonderful that she could undergo such painful self-denial and fatigue, as she often did, in her efforts to do good. Yet her health was what might be called good, in general, until the summer of 1831.

During the month of August in that year, she was attacked, while on a visit to Woodbury, in New Jersey, with the bilious remittent fever. This attack, though not considered dangerous at that time, and though it apparently, at first, left her constitution unimpaired, was probably the foundation, in a good measure, of her subsequent, gradual decline through a pulmonary affection. Her health, however, was such, during the succeeding autumn and

winter, that she continued, without any considerable abatement, her visits to the poor and suffering, as well as her other benevolent exertions.

During that winter she was very much engaged, as a member of the Union Benevolent Association, in visiting, and relieving the wants of the suffering poor. A very large portion of her time was bestowed upon these efforts. And in making them, often amidst very inclemeent weather, and when she was ill able to encounter the fatigues and exposures which were unavoidable, in the service which she performed, she did her health irreparable injury.

In particular, a visit which she made on the 13th of March, in that winter, was doubtless the proximate cause of her last sickness. The circumstances of this case were exceedingly affecting, and display the deep concern which she felt for poor, hardened, and careless sinners. They were as follows: She had visited, at a former time, a very wicked, ignorant, and degraded family of white people, which was living in her district. She had endeavoured, in vain, to call their attention to the subject of religion. Nothing which she could say seemed then to produce any effect. But God visited them with sickness and death. Miss Linnard heard of it, and hoping, that at least in the hour of deep affliction, they would listen to her warning and entreaties, she hastened to see them,

and spent nearly or quite two hours in their miserable residence, in a damp cellar, in reading the Scriptures, exhortation and prayer. When about to leave them, she felt a heavy chill coming upon her; and she returned home deeply impressed, that her work was near its close. It may be remarked here, in regard to this wretched family, that all her fears seemed, a few months afterwards, to be realized! The Cholera came in the succeeding July, and the father, and one or two of the other members of it, were among the earliest victims of that fatal pestilence.

From the effects of this attack of intermittent fever, Miss Linnard never fully recovered. After two months, she was able, indeed, to go out again; but during all the succeeding summer and winter, she continued gradually to sink under the pressure of disease. In the spring following she became exceedingly feeble. In the month of May and early part of June, she visited, in company with her sister and brother-in-law, the springs near Orange, in New Jersey, and several other places in that State and the neighbouring portions of Pennsylvania. She lived but about a fortnight after her return; and closed her course on earth on the morning of the Sabbath, June 16, 1833.

The reader will, of course, be anxious to know what was the state of Miss Linnard's mind during this protracted illness, and especially in view of

the approaching scenes of a dying hour. This desire shall be gratified so far as circumstances will admit. Such facts will be stated as may be deemed proper. Brevity will be carefully studied. Were all the details relative to her death given, they would themselves constitute a considerable volume.

It will readily be supposed, that, to Miss Linnard's mind, the subject of death was no stranger. She had made it the business of life, after her conversion, to become prepared for it, by being prepared to glorify God both on earth and in heaven. She judged that complete preparation for the latter is nothing different, from that for the former, the service of God being the same, in its nature, every where; and that the best preparation for death, is to possess, habitually, sincere and ardent love to Him, and delight in his service. The beautiful remark of Howe, in regard to the proper object of life, was truly exemplified in her case. "This we ought to be constantly intent upon, as the business of our lives—our daily work—to get our spirits so attempered and fitted to heaven, that if we be asked what design we drive at, what we are doing, we may be able to make a true answer, *We are dressing ourselves for eternity.*"

During the whole of her Christian life, Miss Linnard was in the habit of speaking of death in the most calm, cheerful, and even joyful manner.

This was emphatically so, during the latter portion of it. She often said to her intimate friends, that the prospect of death was to her mind truly delightful. She often exulted at the thought, that it would not be long until her immortal spirit should be released from the clogs of sin which oppressed it, and that her redeemed and emancipated soul would soon ascend to the sight and enjoyment of her blessed Saviour. And this desire of death was not the result of any morbid sensibility on the subject of the trials, disappointments, and sorrows of this life. In this respect, few persons enjoyed greater freedom from low spirits. She was habitually cheerful. She had much to attach her to this world. She was surrounded by numerous and dearly beloved friends, and she felt it to be a privilege to have the opportunity of labouring to bring others to the knowledge of salvation through the Lamb. But she still felt that, "to depart and be with Christ was far better:" To serve him even in this world of sin, and trial, and sorrow, was a glorious privilege, as well as a duty in her estimation. But to dwell where he displays his blessed face, in the community of saints and angels, and where holiness reigns, was far more desirable and glorious.

Her long continued sickness was greatly sanctified to her, and was, throughout, a blessed season. She remarked to her sister and brother-in-law during

the journey which they took with her just before her decease, "that the more feeble she became, the more graciously did her Saviour manifest himself to her." And upon her return home, when informed, on the next day, or within a very short period afterwards, by her physician, that she must not expect to live more than a few days, she received the intelligence with perfect composure, and even satisfaction. A little while after the physician had left her, her eldest sister entered her room and found her sitting alone on the sofa, and in tears. With much concern she inquired, "Anna, what is the matter? What troubles you?" She replied, "Oh, sister, these are tears of joy. Am I indeed so near my heavenly home? And shall I see my blessed Saviour so soon?"

Her sickness, bringing with it debility rather than excruciating pain, (though at times her sufferings were great,) and her mind retaining its energy until the last, her situation was as favourable, on the whole, for religious enjoyment, as could be expected, amidst the circumstances of final dissolution. She had the privilege of holding sweet communion with many dear Christian friends, who visited her almost every day. And within the bosom of her own family she found several who could sympathize with her, and mingle their prayers and praises with hers before the throne of grace. Had a record been kept of her

remarks during this period of more than a year, it would have been a most profitable chapter in this little work. No such record, however, was made. But it is the testimony of this circle of Christian friends, that she enjoyed the most perfect tranquility of mind, an eminent degree of peace and joy in believing, sweet resignation to the divine will, which called her to protracted suffering, and a never failing confidence in the time-tried promises of the Gospel.

The characteristics of her religious state were, emphatically, *peace*, *love* to God and to his cause, and abiding, uniform repose in the merits of the Saviour. It could hardly be said that a doubt concerning her own salvation, for any length of time, occupied and distressed her mind. And yet there was but little ecstacy, or great excitement of feeling. Indeed, this was never the character of her religious experience. Her peace was like a river, deep and perpetual. She had a hope full of immortality, a full assurance of hope, but it was the fruit of a full assurance of faith in the truth of the promises of God, through Jesus Christ. Her religion was truly the religion of *principle*. It regulated every thing—the principle of faith in God. It was the secret of her eminently happy Christian life. She had a strong, abiding, overcoming faith in the veracity of the ever blessed God. She believed that he is sincere in inviting sinners to re-

turn to him, and in promising forgiveness to all who penitently confess and forsake their sins, and heartily receive the merits of Christ, and rest upon them for acceptance with him. And she acted upon this belief, and went "boldly unto the throne of grace, and obtained mercy, and found grace to help in time of need." And the life which she lived, she lived by faith in the Son of God, who gave himself for her, that she might live unto himself. This, it may be added, is the kind of religion which alone can banish our fears, overcome our sins, support us under labours, trials, and temptations, and sustain us in the dark and gloomy hour, when flesh and heart are ready to fail, and all earthly sources of consolation are terminating forever.

And living by faith as she did, is it wonderful that her mind enjoyed tranquillity and a constant expectation of eternal life? She desired no better foundation on which to rest her hopes, than the oath and promise of her God. What better could she have had? He invited her to come to him with all her sins, and promised her pardon for them all, if she came penitent for them, and relying on the blood-bought expiation which his Son has made for sinners of mankind. And she did, through his grace, go to him daily, and cast herself at his feet, and she did it with *confidence;* confidence not in herself, but in Him. And her

confidence did not disappoint her. What more did she need? The joy and peace, which she so habitually felt, were the fruits of this faith; but they were not the ground upon which she trusted, or by which she was sustained in view of death and eternity. No: the ground on which she relied was the word of the EVER-LIVING JEHOVAH.

She never seemed to seek after "comfort" or joy, with half the earnestness with which she sought for conformity to the will of God. To obey God, to do his will perfectly, to grow in holiness, was the aim of her life. And true peace in believing, she rightly supposed would bear some good degree of proportion to her obedience to the commands of God. On this point her religious opinions and experience were widely different from those of many professors of religion, who are always seeking comfort, but not by the way of holiness, sincere repentance, and renunciation of every known sin, and by doing the will of God, in every respect, so far as they can ascertain it.

During the whole of Miss Linnard's sickness, religious exercises occupied much of her time every day. It was her delight to read, or hear read, the sacred Scriptures, for which she had the most profound veneration, as the following fact will show. Only a few days before her decease, whilst she was reclining on a sofa, exceedingly feeble, one of her friends proposed to read

to her from the Bible. Under the influence of the low and uniform sound of the voice she was almost lulled to sleep. But she roused herself up, and said with much earnestness, and surprise, "What, shall I fall asleep whilst God's blessed Bible is read?"

She enjoyed, in the richest manner, the singing of hymns, or the reading of them by her sisters, and other persons. She had a great taste for sacred poetry, and was familiar with the best hymns in the English language. She had many favourite ones, in which she delighted to the last; perhaps in none more than the two which begin as follows:

> "Begone, unbelief! my Saviour is near,
> And for my relief will surely appear;
> By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform,
> With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm!"

And,

> "Rock of ages cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in thee."

Often did she repeat these lines, and with great delight. She could not, however, endure the change which has been made in some of our books, so as to make it read "Rock of ages, shelter me." She said she did not want simply to be *sheltered*, but to be hidden in that rock. And no language could convey more fully her views of the way of

acceptance with God, than the stanza beginning with,

> "Nothing in my hand I bring,
> Simply to thy cross I cling."

Thus she passed through her sickness, down to the Jordan of death; spending her time in religious exercises and duties, exciting her Christian friends to greater diligence and activity in the cause of their Saviour, and with the tenderest affection and fidelity beseeching impenitent persons to make no delay in seeking reconciliation with God.

A sense of her own sinfulness, however, was never absent from her mind. On the Sabbath preceding that on which she died, her intimate and dear friend, Miss J—— C——, called to see her. The first expression which she uttered when seeing her was, "O my dear J——, so near heaven, and yet so much sin!"—expressing both her full assurance of eternal life, and her sense of her own unworthiness and imperfection. And there was, throughout her sickness, and in death itself, the most affecting manifestation of her sense of her unworthiness on the one hand, and of her exalted views of the fulness of salvation in Jesus Christ. And in proportion to her meetness for heaven, and the shortness of the intervening space, (if one may so speak,) was her abhorrence of sin increased.

But we must hasten to the closing scenes of her life. And as the author of this memoir was absent

from Philadelphia, on official duties, during this interesting period, and consequently had neither the privilege of ministering to her sufferings, nor of witnessing her triumphant death, he will give the affecting account of them written by a beloved friend, who was with her constantly, during the last four days and nights of her life.

"She returned from travelling about the first of June. I did not see her till the following Monday. I had heard she was much worse than when leaving home, but was not prepared to see so great an alteration. She received me with more than her wonted affection, extending her arms to embrace me. Seeing I was much affected, (though *she* remained perfectly composed,) she remarked, "you cannot bear to see my poor emaciated body; I was afraid to see you." And when I was about to rise, she begged that I would leave the room, so fearful was she of distressing me.

"But on the Wednesday following, I heard that her two sisters were both taken sick, and unable to attend her. I went directly there; I found her lying on a sofa asleep, an esteemed friend sitting by her; her countenance serene and placid, and a bright bloom on her cheek; and if it had not been for her short and laboured breathing, I could almost have thought that death was not so near at hand as we had feared. In a little while she awoke. She

welcomed me with evident pleasure, while she remarked to J——, how could you let me sleep when B—— was here. I spent part of the day alone with her. She conversed a great deal. She asked me if I thought her end near, observing, that she did not think that it was—that she had not yet passed through the last stages of the disease—that her throat had never been very sore, &c. &c. I told her that I had known persons in dying circumstances, that never had those symptoms. She then pressed me to tell her what my opinion was. I told her, hesitatingly, that I did not think she would continue much longer. At which, her countenance brightened with joy, and she exclaimed, "and is it possible I am near my heavenly home, which I have been looking forward to, as something a great way off? And shall I soon see that Saviour whom I so ardently long after?" She then conversed freely on the subject of death; remarking, that for a long time, it had had no terrors to her—that when in perfect health, she had a longing desire to depart—that from the commencement of her sickness, she had never entertained any hope of recovering—that she had marked the slow and sure progress of her disease—and though, at times, she thought she might be spared for some years, yet she had always believed that it would eventually end in death; nor had she, at any time, felt any wish to recover, nor ever, even

in thought, offered up a desire for it, excepting once, when she prayed the prayer of the Psalmist, "O spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more." She then spoke with pleasure of meeting her friends in heaven, that had died in the Lord, and her joy that so many others would soon follow her, and expressed her great anxiety for those that had not, as yet, turned their faces Zion-ward—said that she trusted that her death would be blessed to them, that she might be enabled to give her dying testimony to the truth of religion, and that her last breath might be spent in pleading with them.

"She rested little through the night, and appeared worse the next day. Her mind was calm and happy. She frequently requested that portions of Scriptures and hymns might be read to her. On Thursday night, she rested better than on the preceding one; and on Friday morning, was so much revived, that we began to think she might yet be spared a little longer. Mr. Neagle had made two or three unsuccessful attempts to take her likeness, (owing, as he said, to his feeling so much on her account,) and had finally given it up. Knowing the anxiety of her friends to have it, she again consented to his being sent for, and when told he had succeeded in taking the outlines of her face on the canvass, appeared pleased, remarking that she

knew it would be a gratification to her friends to have it.*

"She continued throughout the day easy, was calm and happy, conversed much, her heart being filled with love to all. She frequently spoke of her sisters and friends, with the greatest affection. She would say, 'I always loved them, but now they are inexpressibly dear.' On her sister C—— entering the room, this morning, after being prevented by sickness from so doing, for a day or two, she received her with joy, and said she was one of her 'sweet comforters.' There was not the most trifling office of kindness performed for her, that did not call forth her gratitude and love. I never smoothed her pillow, or wiped the cold damp from her face, that she did not, in some way, express her feelings, frequently by kissing me, or some other expression of affection. Every thing done for her, pleased her. 'Job's friends,' she remarked, 'were poor comforters, but mine are all ministering spirits.' She received her nourishment with expressions of the warmest gratitude. On one of her sisters' giving her some fruit, she said, 'you prevent all my wants. I sometimes fear you make me pamper my poor body too much.' A drink of

* The engraved likeness which accompanies this memoir was made from that portrait, and is as good a one as, under all the circumstances of the case, could be expected.

cold water would fill her with praise. 'How good the Lord is, in providing such a refreshment.' And then would speak of the freeness and fulness of the salvation of the Gospel—'a fountain, opened for sin and uncleanness. I will pour water on them that are thirsty,' &c. And often spoke of that 'river, whose streams make glad the city of our God.' A rose was given her—she admired its beauty, spoke of the goodness of God in so richly decking the earth with such a variety of beautiful flowers—then adored and praised him as the Creator of all things. In her was verified that saying, 'God is love, and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him.'

"On Friday night, she rested easy till about midnight, when she said to me, 'I know you love to wait on me, will you rub my feet.' They were much swollen, and cold. As I sat by her bed rubbing them, and endeavouring to cause a circulation of the blood, and ease the distress they gave her by their numbness, she said, pleasantly, 'well, my poor feet I am done with.' I remarked, that it was pleasant to think, that for some years past, she had made so good a use of them; that they had carried her on many an errand of mercy, and had run with great delight in the ways of God's commandments. She said that it was; then, after remaining still a few moments, added, 'Nothing in my hand I bring, simply to thy cross I cling.' Towards

morning, she became much oppressed for want of breath—begged me to open the windows and door.

"As the day dawned, she requested that she might be helped up. She was placed in an easy chair, at an open window. Throughout the morning, though she uttered no complaint, there was a restlessness which had not been observed before. She was moved from the chair to the sofa, and from the sofa to the bed, and so back again. During the morning, a friend called to see her; she requested that she might be left alone with her, which was done, and she conversed with her some time. About one o'clock, her friends were alarmed by the cold sweat trickling down her face, which increased so rapidly, that, in a short time, her hair and clothing were completely drenched. This continued throughout the afternoon. She was cold and faint.

"At the close of the day, a friend called to see her. She asked him to pray with her; while praying, he offered the petition, that the Lord would be with her in going through the dark valley, when her feelings of ecstacy became so great that she praised God aloud, and begged that the prayer should cease. After some time she said, 'the Lord was so near and present with me, and I had such a view of his glory, that I could bear no more.' She then desired her friend to pray that

strength might be granted to her to speak to impenitent friends.

"On this day, her affection for her sorrowing friends was so great, that she could scarcely restrain her feelings on beholding them. On one occasion in particular, as her aged father was bending over her with tearful eyes, she appeared to be much overcome, and exclaimed with a voice of deep emotion, as she gazed tenderly at him, 'Oh, there is my *dear* father.'

"During the night she appeared to be dying, but towards morning fell into a refreshing sleep. Her first question on awaking was, if it was not the Sabbath; being informed it was, she said, 'I have always loved God's Sabbaths on earth, and I shall love them in heaven.' She then inquired why the family were up and with her at so early an hour. On being told by her brother-in-law, that her time upon earth appeared to be very short, she asked what grounds there were for believing so—he replied, 'My dear, your cough has entirely gone, and your pulse indicates death.' With her wonted firmness, she desired to be raised in bed, remarking, 'Am I dying? I thought I was, during the night; let me look upon death.' After taking a little drink to strengthen her, she requested that those in the room would leave it for a while, in order that she might converse with a dear relative alone. Her voice, which was before low and

almost inarticulate, now became loud and distinct. She then desired that her nephews might stand around her bed; and addressing them individually by name, said, 'Boys, I cannot see you, my eyes are dim with death; I am happy—What do you think could make me so?' and impressively added, 'Seek, seek, seek'—as if she would have said, seek the Lord, that you also may be happy. Her voice was then raised in praise and thanksgiving, until the moment of death.

"Throughout the whole conflict with death, her countenance remained calm and happy, and never was it ruffled, excepting when taking her last leave of her beloved and aged parent, after which a gloom was observed to rest on it for a few moments, which gradually passed away, and it again assumed its wonted brightness.

"A few moments before the spirit fled, her physician called. When she was told that he was in the room,—for she could no longer see,—she requested him to come to her. He took her cold hand: she said, with reference to the time of her departure, 'how long?' he answered, 'I cannot tell Anna,'—'probably" (meaning how long is it probable,)—he said, 'I cannot tell'—she asked, 'hours or minutes?'—he again answered "I cannot tell." It was evident to all, that though her outward senses were all failing, her mind retained all its vigour."

Thus died, in the peace and hope of the Gospel, this eminently devoted Christian, in the beginning of the thirty-fourth year of her life. So happy, so triumphant was her death, that it seemed, as one of her intimate Christian friends well remarked, "to take away the gloom which, in her apprehension, had always gathered around the subject of death and the tomb." Her death is finely portrayed in the following beautiful lines, which she used often to repeat, with great interest, as expressive of the way in which she wished to die.

Fade away, decaying earth!
Things of time now disappear;
Home of friends, place of my birth,
Ask me not to linger here.

Let me, let me sink away
Sweetly in thy arms, O death!
Thy hand upon my bosom lay,
Gently stop this fleeting breath.

An appropriate sermon was preached at her funeral by her former and greatly esteemed pastor, the Rev. Dr. Neill, who is now settled in the Presbyterian Church in Germantown.

PART VIII.

GENERAL REMARKS.

And they glorified God in me.—*Gal.* i. 24.

A few very brief remarks, suggested by a review of the life, character, and death of Miss Linnard, will close this Memoir.

1. The life of Miss Linnard shows the amazing power of the Christian religion to make mankind happy, even in this world. She was, as has already been remarked, before her conversion, a woman of much pride of intellect and ambition. She was gifted by her Creator with a mind of a very high order. She was desirous of knowledge, and she rapidly acquired it. But she also had an unbounded desire after what was unattainable, a never-ceasing aspiration for something great, but which was not perhaps well defined, even in her own imagination. Nothing satisfied her. Every thing was too little to meet her desires. No present situation, no future prospect in life, came up to the imaginary grandeur and excellence which she aspired after. Such a mind, excited and fed by reading works of fiction, expecting what the

future never supplies—pursuing the rainbow of hoped-for bliss, but never finding it—is, of all others, likely to be unhappy, unless religion come to its relief, and the ever-blessed God fill it with his own infinite fulness.

It was so with Miss Linnard. She would certainly have been unhappy in this life, had it not been for religion. For she had a mind whose expanded desires, and acute sensibility, could not be satisfied with the scenes and prospects of this world of imperfection, disappointment, sin, and sorrow. But when God revealed to her his love in Jesus Christ, she found a heavenly object which could fill her desires; an object which is boundless as his own nature and perfections, and which can never be exhausted. This was just what she needed to make her happy. And when she became reconciled to God, she became reconciled to all his allotments in life. Every arrangement in his providential dispensations was good, because He, in his infinite wisdom and goodness, orders all things. How, then, could a mind, which had known the ever-blessed and infinite God, and had been reconciled to Him, and filled with his love, be otherwise than happy?

Here, then, we find the true source of happiness,—in the religion of the Bible, in the infinite God, reconciling the world unto himself, and rendering us happy with his own fulness. What other

religion can do this? None. In the Bible alone can be found a religion which meets and satisfies the desires and wants of the human mind. And here, all who have made the experiment have found the true solace for all their miseries. It alone says, and says effectually, to all who embrace it—

"Come, ye disconsolate,
Where'er you languish;
Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel:
Here bring your wounded hearts,
Here tell your anguish:
Earth hath *no* sorrow that *Heaven* cannot heal."

2. In the life of Miss Linnard we have another striking instance of the transforming influence of true religion upon the heart and conduct. She was naturally possessed of a powerful intellect, which became highly cultivated by education. She had also many interesting traits of character. But it could hardly be said, that she was very amiable, before her conversion. There was too much of a rigid and decided independence of disposition, to allow her to be generally very agreeable in her intercourse with others. No doubt this was, in a measure, owing to her having lost her mother in her childhood. But much more was probably owing to her natural disposition.

But behold what grace can do! It seemed as if her whole nature was transformed by the power of

religion. Her meekness, humility, liberality, affection, simplicity, self-denial, and generosity were truly remarkable. She became one of the most amiable and lovely of persons, and the object of universal and cordial respect and affection, in the circle in which she moved.

In her the fruits of the Spirit, enumerated by the Apostle, abounded, and formed her character:—*love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.*

From her fifteenth to her twentieth year, she was, as has already been stated, very fond of dress and fashionable society. But when she had learned, by the grace of God, the beauty of that inward adorning, which consists in meekness, humility, and love, she became a pattern of simplicity in dress, worthy of the imitation of all. On this point her views were mature and decided. She held it to be, not only ill becoming women "professing godliness," to conform to the world in extravagance and expense in dress, but also exceedingly sinful, as wasting money which might be appropriated to the building up of the kingdom of God. It may be truly said of her—which it is feared can be said of few comparatively—that she acted most *conscientiously* in this matter. To throw away a dollar upon an unnecessary ornament, or article of dress, when it might send a Bible to some benighted family of immortal beings, was, to

her mind, no trifling sin. She, therefore, pursued the most rigid economy, and regulated her expenditures for apparel by a conscientious, deliberate, and rigid rule, and was not easily moved, either by the opinion of the world, or that of fashionable professors of religion. And her strict economy in dress gave her many a dollar, which she expended for the relief of the poor, or to send the Gospel to those who were destitute of it.

But whatever Miss Linnard became, as to the great subordination and discipline of her natural desires and feelings to which she attained, or as to the consistent external deportment which she uniformly exhibited, *divine grace* was the author of it all. This she always, with humility and gratitude, acknowledged. To grace alone let the honour of all be ascribed.

But, if the question be asked, as it may well be, why it is that religion seems to effect so slight a change in the natural tempers and feelings of Christians, and that we see so little of the loveliness and holiness of religion in the conduct of professors? It may readily be answered: it is because so few Christians make it the grand object of life, and the business of every day, to grow into a gracious conformity to the divine image and will, and to bring the whole heart—including every species of feeling and passion—under the holy, subduing, and controlling influence of the requirements of the

Gospel. This being the case, is it wonderful that the great majority of Christians appear to have so much of the spirit and conduct of the world about them, and exhibit so much that is unamiable in their intercourse with one another, and with the world? With regard to the subject of this memoir, it can, with truth, be asserted, that she pursued a very different course, and hence it was that she became so happy a monument of the transforming and lovely influence of religion.

3. Miss Linnard's life also shows how much can be done by one individual, holding no station of peculiar influence or advantage in the church, for the advancement of the kingdom of Christ. Here we see the assiduous employment of time, talents, and property in a glorious co-operation with God in the work of building up his kingdom in the world. What an instance of untiring industry and perseverance in the blessed work of doing good to our fellow men, is here exhibited! Who can read it without profit? Who does not feel stimulated, by the account of such labours, to seek for a similar spirit, and the attainment of similar success? How much do we here see accomplished in twelve years! And yet, we see but a small part of what will be the final result. But few of her efforts for the poor and ignorant were witnessed by any one but those who received their bene-

fits, and by Him who seeth all things. The object of writing this book will be accomplished, if it excite, in some good measure, those who may read it to devote themselves with similar zeal and love to the service of God, and to employ all their talents in labours for the salvation of those who are now exposed to endless ruin.

4. Finally: the life of Miss Linnard shows the blessedness in a dying hour, which the faithful serving of God will bring with it. Here we behold the death of the righteous, and see that it is peace! God will sustain his faithful children when they come to pass through the Jordan of death. Whatever variety there may be in the circumstances of their departure from this world, there will always be the comfort and support of his rod and staff. There may not be equal degrees of visible, or enjoyed consolation; but there will be a good measure of peace, tranquillity, and hope. And who does not desire to die such a death as she did, whose memoir now closes? Who then will seek preparation for this event with an earnestness and constancy such as she maintained? O, this is a subject which should come home to us all. May it not only be our wish, but also our earnest prayer and unceasing effort, that we may "die the death of the righteous, and that our last end may be like his."

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